Submission Agenda:
ORIGINS
By Pegasus

BOOK II:
POPULAR

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Once an average high school student, Miles' life took a drastic turn on the day the teenager's mutant pheromone powers manifested, promising to transform his life forever.

Before long, the young mutant gave into his darkest impulses and raped his own twin sister… only to have her beg him for more, submitting to his will and surrendering to the insatiable hunger-lust his powers instill in the opposite sex.

Now, as he learns more about the full extent of his newfound powers and begins to harness them for his own ends, Miles sets his sights on the most beautiful, popular girls in his school, beginning a journey that will eventually change the balance of power in the Marvel Universe forever…

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Chapter 9:
Homecoming

The Keystone Academy Homecoming football game was the following Friday night, with the royalty crowning ceremony taking place at halftime. Stefanie was right — quarterback Brad Wilcox and his girlfriend, dance team captain Madison Albright, were chosen as Homecoming King and Queen.

The Homecoming Dance would be held the following night, Saturday, in the school gymnasium. As freshmen, neither Stef nor I were technically supposed to be allowed to attend except as the date of a junior or senior. But Stef's popularity as one of the hottest girls in school gave her connections to the Homecoming organizing committee, and she got two tickets for us from head cheerleader and senior class treasurer Alana Blair.

And that's how we found ourselves pulling up to the gym entrance of our high school in the back of a limo — me in a suit, Stef squeezed into a slinky pink gown with a low-cut front showcasing her fantastic cleavage.

"You're sure about this?" Stef asked, looking at me with worried eyes. I knew she was concerned about the plan for a few reasons. First of all, if I tried to sexually assault the Homecoming queen and it didn't work out how I intended, or if I got caught, then I would be in a world of shit. But I also think I saw the glimmer of jealousy beneath Stef's worried demeanor. Up until that point, she had been he sole recipient of my romantic

affection, and my daily cum-loads. This would change things. Complicate things. I was making it clear that I was not interested in being a one-woman man.

“I’m sure,” I said, opening the car door and gesturing for her to exit. To tell the truth, I was anything but sure. I had only just started to come around to the notion that I possessed “powers” — that my oversized dick and overproductive balls, and my strangely potent musk, were more than a freak coincidence. Tonight would be the test, to see if my dalliance with Stefanie was a one-off, unique experience, or something I could replicate with other girls and women. And it wasn’t a test I was guaranteed to pass.

We entered the gym together, and all the confidence and assuredness I felt when I was alone with Stef melted away under the thumping bass and the dance floor lights. I was just the geeky, friendless freshman loser at a high school dance with his sister. Stef noticed my hesitation and took my hand, squeezing it tightly. Any other more… dramatic show of affection wasn’t allowed in public tonight — we’d agreed on that beforehand. We didn’t want to draw any more attention to me or Stef than we had to. There was a plan, and we were going to stick to it.

“There she is,” Stef said as we stalked the perimeter of the dance floor. She nodded toward the far side of the gym.

Madison Albright — in an aqua-colored satin prom gown, with a diamond-studded tiara and a sash reading “Homecoming” over one shoulder — was dancing with her boyfriend Brad amid a cluster of upperclassmen. It was a slow song, so they were hugging closely, swaying back and forth.

The rest of the room seemed to fade away as I locked in on Madison. Even from a distance, there was no denying her natural beauty. She was remarkably similar to Stef — a natural redhead, tall, voluptuous and full-figured. But Madison’s body had an athleticism to it from years of dance training that Stef, for all her charm, lacked. Madison had poise, grace, and a confidence that came with years of knowing she was hot *and* rich. There was a smug arrogance about her, just like all the upperclassman girls, that made me want her all the more.

The dress was low in the back, and hugged her figure tightly. And God, her body… ass like a shelf, jutting out behind her, the satin fabric struggling to contain it. I knew she liked to twerk that big fat dump-truck at halftime at the boys’ basketball games. She knew how to use it. And her tits, holy shit… Easily DD or F cups, stuffed in the front of her low-cut gown, threatening to explode outward at any moment as she swayed gently with her strapping, 6-foot-plus boyfriend Brad. The star quarterback who’d brought home the win yesterday. Headed to Dartmouth in the fall. My eyes flickered over him, then back to Madison.

“Well?” Stef asked. “What are you waiting for? You know the plan. Let’s get in there.”

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The plan, if you can call it that, was exceedingly simple. For the first time, I would attempt to weaponize my pheromones. I'd noticed for weeks that girls in the hallways would follow me during passing period, seemingly unaware of their own actions, drawn to my musk just as Stef had been before I took her.

This was all entirely unconscious on my part as well — I was doing nothing to try to draw these girls to me. As far as I knew, I couldn't control my pheromones or their potency. But I knew one thing — they *did* work on women, and proximity was a factor. So I was going to get close to Madison — discreetly — and stay there. And eventually, logic dictated, *she* would come to *me.*

I led Stef through the crowd, stepping around dancing couples until we reached the other side of the gym, within 10 feet of Brad and Madison. Then, stiffly, Stef and I started dancing back and forth.

"This is going to do wonders for your social profile," I said sardonically. "Dancing with your brother at Homecoming."

"People know you're a loser," Stef replied, angling us toward Brad and Madison. "I'll probably get points for taking on a charity case."

We held eye contact, my gaze briefly darting down into my sister's deep cleavage. When I looked back up, she was smirking. She looked gorgeous — her makeup expertly applied, pouting lips a glossy pink, fiery red hair back in a messy bun. And, wearing six-inch stiletto pump heels, she was easily a head taller than me. I felt my cock stiffen in my pants, shifting uncomfortably.

"I wish I was sucking your dick right now," she said, smiling sweetly.

"Stef," I murmured under my breath, glancing around at the dancers on all sides of us. "People could hear you."

"No way. The music's too loud," she chirped. "So I can say… I wanna gargle your cum like a fucking milkshake."

"Quit it," I grimaced, my cock now firming fully in my suit pants, tenting the front. I pulled her close, grinding my hardening erection into her thigh.

"Come on, bro," she giggled. "Your musk works better if you're charged up, right? I'm just trying to help."

Nervously, I glanced over at Madison and Brad. They were still swaying, just like Stef and me… until, to my amazement, I saw Madison turn her head slightly, looking around the room briefly like she'd heard someone call her name. Her nose crinkled like she was sniffing something. I felt a charge flow through me like an electric pulse and had to contain myself for fear of busting a pre-nut rope in my suit pants. I was doing everything

to exert self-control, but at the same time my thoughts were totally focused on Madison. Then Brad looked up and noticed me staring and gave me a fearsome look, and I quickly looked away, turning back to Stef. Her face was alive with excitement. She'd seen it too.

"She smells it," Stef said. "I can smell it too. Half the girls in this room are breathing in your fucking musk right now. You could have any one of them…"

I glanced around the room, marking the different faces. There was Alana Blair, head cheerleader, standing on the periphery with most of the cheerleading squad, laughing about something. She was dressed in a tight white minidress and hoop earrings, her platinum blonde hair falling about her shoulders. Far off to my left was Miss Shen, my algebra teacher, another object of my affections, who was working tonight as a chaperone and had dressed in a simple black cocktail dress. Nothing fancy, but she didn't need to dress up to look gorgeous. My cock pulsed, once, and Stef felt it between us, her eyes alight with lust.

"God, you're fucking rock-hard," she said. "Do you want to go to the bathroom right now and take it out on me?"

Before I could answer, the song abruptly changed, the tempo ramping up and thumping with bass, and the crowd started bouncing up and down raucously. Stef and I disengaged but stayed close, laughing and jumping along to the beat. For just that moment, we were kids again, just brother and sister, having fun at the school dance like any other high school students. I noticed it was getting warm — sweat was beading on my forehead, and my armpits felt musty. I supposed that was good, and kept dancing, bouncing, throwing my hands in the air, losing myself to the music, forgetting about the plan.

But before long, I noticed… an interesting pattern emerging. A glance over at Stefanie confirmed she had noticed it too. When the song had started, we were surrounded by a diverse group of students, a mix of boys and girls. But as the energetic dancing had gone on, more and more girls had drifted over to surround Stef and me. Some of them were getting uncomfortably close, grinding and thrusting their hips against mine as the crowd pulsed to the rhythm.

Stef gave me a meaningful look, tilted her head toward Madison and Brad. I turned to follow her gaze and saw that Brad had actually left the dance floor — he was over by the drinks table, chatting and laughing with a group of his hulking football teammates, looking like gorillas stuffed in their suits. And Madison… Madison had gravitated over towards us, just like most of the other girls on this side of the gymnasium. She was dancing and bouncing, eyes closed, losing herself to the music.

I couldn't help but stare at her beautiful form as she writhed and gyrated to the beat, hands above her head, flared hips swinging side to side, her huge, luscious tits bouncing wildly in the constraints of her thin satin gown. I glanced back at Stef and my sister's face was split in a wild grin. She nodded eagerly.

Still bouncing in time to the music, I made my way slowly over toward Madison. She didn't know me, except maybe peripherally as Stef's sister, so she wouldn't pick me out from the rest of the crowd, and I didn't let on that I was honing in on her. In the back of my mind I wondered about my pheromone powers, wondered how conscious my control of them was. Everything up to that point had seemed so random. But at that moment I was focusing all my thoughts and emotions toward Madison, all my lusts and desires. She had already been drawn toward me, that much was clear. So the question now was: How far could I push it?

The DJ yelled something from his table at the end of the gym and the song transitioned into another fast-paced dance rhythm, the lights going wild, and the crowd cheered, all the girls around me screaming and jumping joyously in place as I approached Madison. She didn't notice me yet. It was hot; I was sweating, and I could she was too, a glimmer of sheen on her forehead as she tossed her head back, rolling her hips sensually and running her hands down her abdomen to her thighs. My cock stiffened painfully in my pants to behold her, to be this close to her now.

I glanced over again to the drinks table. Brad and his bros were still there, talking, laughing. I felt the warmth of Stef's body behind me, the softness of her tits pressing into my back, the heat of her breath on my ear as she whispered:

"What are you waiting for? She's right there. Go get her."

I honed in on Madison, pushing a freshman girl I recognized from my US History class out of the way as I danced casually closer to the dance team captain. It was thrilling to be close to her, dancing in time with her now but not really dancing *with* her. I still don't think she really noticed me.

She had a fantastic body, voluptuous, all curves, but with enough height to make her look elegant and statuesque. Her mane of long red hair was pinned back in a severe bun but some strands had come loose and fell around her face wildly as she danced. I moved closer, maintaining the rhythm of the dance, adapting to it, then reaching out, running my hands over her hips, enjoying the smooth, soft feel of the fabric on my fingers, the thrill of the moment of contact sending a pulse through my cock so powerful that I was afraid it might tear through the front of my trousers.

Madison glanced up, feeling my unwanted touch on her hips, and our eyes met. I was facing her, our bodies moving in sync, and the message in my eyes was obvious in its carnality. She gave me a quizzical look, amused but not repulsed, and I moved closer, running my hand down her hip again, then around, moving behind her to catch a feel of her big ass.

She glanced over toward the drinks table where Brad chatted with his buddies, then looked back at me, and I knew I had her then. She smiled mischievously, eyes heavy-lidded, and spun slowly as she danced, turning her back to me but looking over her shoulder, eyeing me up and down — an invitation.

Up close, I could see how the satin fabric hugged the perfect, rounded form of her buttocks, the way it stretched across the cleft of her ass-crack. I could even see the faint outline of her panties beneath the dress, imprinting on the soft flesh of each vast cheek.

I moved in, taking my place right behind her, pressing the bulge of my iron-hard dick directly into the crack of her ass, a few millimeters of fabric alone separating us, and ground myself hard against her. I heard her gasp and I circled my hands around her hips, holding her in place gently as I sank my aching, girder-stiff cock into the soft, yielding but firm cleft between her ass-cheeks, still rocking and swaying in time to the music. She looked back at me with shocked eyes, and I answered her wordlessly with my own resolute gaze, humping gently against her on the dance floor, surrounded by a cadre of squealing, screaming high school girls.

I surged with triumph as Madison Albright thrust her ass back onto me, rubbing my crotch. I heard her groan even through the inhumanly loud music, and then in a blink our motions became blatantly sexual, charged with erotic heat, a primal, animalistic mating ritual barely disguised as dance. I held her to me tightly as she twerked and shook her fat ass, squashing it against me, crushing my dick until it felt like I would pop. She ground into me, then stroked up and down along the turgid length of my pole with her ass, eyes locked on mine as she turned over her shoulder, biting her lip. I know she felt it, recognized my size, my hardness, and my pheromones had opened her up, made her ready and willing, weakening her resolve and subverting her free will in advance before I moved in for the kill.

She went wild, twerking with abandon just as I had seen at the halftime shows at Keystone Academy basketball games, when she and the rest of the dance team came out in their booty-shorts and crop-tops and did their routine. She bent at the waist, putting her hands flat on the floor, and scooted back against me in a vivid suggestion of a mating stance, her tiara nearly falling from her carefully made-up hair to the gym floor. Then she was dropping low into a stripper crouch and rising slowly, dragging her ass up my leg, over my thigh and the length of pipe that ran down it, barely constrained within my pants. Nervously I glanced over at the drinks table. Brad wasn't looking our way, but one of his football buddies seemed to have noticed. Luckily there were a lot of girls crowding around us — more every second, as the effects of my pheromones only increased — which gave me some cover.

I put my hands on Madison's hips as she ground her ass into my crotch, and turned her to face me. My eyes dipped down into he promising cleavage on display as her tits swiped across my chest, her nipples proudly, blatantly erect and poking through the thin material of the aqua-colored gown. She looked delirious, drunk… happy. She was having a good time. I smiled, too, my hands running rampant over her backside, caressing her hips then moving down to cup her buttocks. Her eyes took on a sultry, heavy-lidded look as I squeezed her ass hard through the satin gown, fingers sinking deep into the yielding flesh, pulling her close to me.

She hung one arm lazily across my shoulder, the other descending between us to begin

a gentle stroking, up and down, along the turgid bulge in my pants. Her forwardness was impressive, even to me, knowing what my powers were capable of, and I savored the thrill of this beautiful senior girl, four years older than me, richer, more popular, and with a superstar athletic boyfriend, jerking me off on the dance floor for everyone to see… if anyone looked.

We ground together like that for a wonderful moment, feeling the music, feeling each other. I could see her studying my face, and knew she was thinking of leaning in to kiss me. Part of me knew that would be a bad idea, even then. A discreet over-the-pants handjob was one thing… no one was really looking. But we couldn't just start making out on the dance floor. That wasn't part of the plan.

I glanced over to my right… Fuck. Brad had seen us. His eyes were locked on me, his face turning a deep, angry scarlet as he smashed his drink down on the table and started towards us through the crowd.

"You're fun! What's your name?" Madison shouted into my face, barely audible over the music.

I leaned into her ear.

"Come and find me in the men's restroom. Second floor. Ten minutes."

Then I swiftly disengaged and backed away, sliding through the throngs of dancing, shouting, screaming girls, and made my way for the exit.

Chapter 10:
Taking Madison

"So what did Brad do?" I asked, sitting in one of the toilet stalls in the second floor men's restroom. The halls outside were empty, but the distant, muffled sounds of the dance echoed through the whole school like a pulsing heartbeat.

"He definitely went ape-shit," Stef said, face split in a wide grin, standing in the center of the restroom with her arms across her chest, squashing her tits into a fantastic cleavage. "He was, like, screaming at her. I couldn't hear it, really, I wasn't close enough, but it went on for a while."

"Yeah, I'm not surprised," I said, leaning back on the toilet seat. My cock still pulsed in my pants, diamond-hard, uncomfortably hard, and I massaged it once, trying to soothe the aching, rampant erection.

Stef's eyes followed my hand and I saw her momentarily distracted, locked onto he form of my cock in my pants. I saw the raw hunger on her face as she practically drooled over it, and I was once again amazed at what a cum-hungry slut my sister had transformed into in just a matter of a few weeks.

“Do you think she’s coming?” I asked. Stef didn’t answer, eyes still glued to my bulging, throbbing crotch. My balls felt painfully swollen and tight, gurgling and churning within the confines of my suit pants.

“Stef!” I said, and she snapped to attention. “Do you think she’s coming?”

“Uhh, yeah, I would say so,” Stef said, glancing toward the restroom entrance. “I mean, the way she was dancing with you down there? I’m surprised she didn’t just let you fuck her right there and then on the dance floor.”

We both laughed at this, until I stopped abruptly when my cock strained painfully against my pants.

“But seriously,” Stef said. “Unless Brad dragged her outside and *made* her go home with him… I don’t see how she can resist you, Miles. She was like fucking putty in your hands. She’s yours already.”

“I couldn’t have done it without you, sis,” I said, standing and walking out of the stall. I embraced Stef and kissed her deeply, lustfully. I let my hands run over her body just as I had with Madison, over her sides, to her tits… I groped her hard, my erection straining forcefully against her thigh.

“What the f-fuck… what is this…?”

Stef and I broke the kiss and looked over to the restroom entrance, a trembling strand of saliva still bridging the gap between our lips. There, in her aqua-colored gown, with her diamond tiara and “Homecoming” sash draped over her massive, heaving breasts, stood Madison Albright, the door swinging slowly shut behind her. Her face was red, her eyes wet and lined with mascara stains — she’d been crying. She wore a perplexed look.

“I… I know you,” she said, pointing a trembling finger at Stefanie. “You’re that bimbo freshman girl all the boys on the football team want to fuck. Stefanie, right?”

Stef nodded, saying nothing. She stepped away from me, almost imperceptibly distancing herself.

“But… isn’t this your brother?” she asked, lips curling back in disgust as she pointed over at me. “Omigod… you two are like… super fucked up, aren’t you?”

“That doesn’t matter,” I said, speaking up for the first time, meeting her eyes with a level gaze. “What matters is, you came.”

“Yeah, well…” She blushed. “My boyfriend probably just broke up with me because I was dancing with you. I just totally fucked up a 3-year relationship with the hottest guy in school. We were gonna go to Dartmouth together next year… He was gonna ask me to

marry him…"

"Yeah, well, plans change," I smirked, reaching down to unzip my pants. "You should probably keep your options open."

My fly spread wide readily as the bulging mass of my cock pushed against it, muscling its way out into the open. Madison made a horrified face as her gaze fell to below my waist but she didn't move — she stood, transfixed, and watched as I revealed myself to her.

I pulled my underwear down, stretching the elastic waistband over the trunk-like root of the massive sexual organ within. My cock was fully engorged, already thicker around than my own wrist at the base, and Madison caught her breath at her first sight of it, staring in honest shock as I exposed inch after inch of smooth, veiny cockmeat. I reached within to begin hauling it out, revealing more, and more, an iron-hard slab of meat that ran halfway down to my knee meeting the open air.

"Oh my god," Madison said in a hushed voice. "Oh my god. Oh my god."

My boxer-briefs came down further, exposing my heavy, hanging balls, each bigger than a grapefruit. They twitched irritably, gurgling loud enough to hear, and I thought of all the sperm churning within them. Finally, the bell-end of my tool came out, catching briefly on the elastic waistband… the bulbous, helmet-shaped glans, deep purple at the tip, strangled by a tight sheath of foreskin. The virile smell of my musk, the raw, undiluted scent of cock and balls, filled the room, and I saw Madison's eyes briefly roll back in her head as she breathed in deeply. Even at this distance, it was potent. Extremely potent.

Madison's lips moved, trying to form words. Stef watched intently, grinning. I stepped forward, advancing toward the beautiful Homecoming Queen. My movement seemed to snap her out of her stupor.

"N-no… wait," she murmured, looking back and forth from Stef to me. "What are you doing…?"

"What the fuck do you think I'm doing?" I asked, hand now gripping my massive cock as it jutted straight out from my pelvis, drooling pearly pre-cum from the winking piss-slit. "You know why you came up here, Madison. And it wasn't just to tell me you broke up with your boyfriend."

"This isn't… I should… go," she stammered, backing away from me toward the door. I was steps away from her, but my foot-long cock made me feel even closer.

Closing the gap swiftly, I swiped my hand over my slimy, spongy dickhead and then held two fingers up to Madison's face, jamming them into her nostrils. She breathed in instinctively, huffing deeply, and she moaned, eyelids fluttering. I suspected the power of my musk would override her higher brain functions. I was going on instinct, hoping that my suspicions were right, that my powers worked how I thought. If this didn't work…

“Get on your fucking knees,” I growled, withdrawing my fingers.

There was a moment of hesitation, and I saw conflict on my prey’s face, before her eyes went heavy-lidded and sultry, just as she had looked on the dance floor earlier, and she sank to her knees before me on the bathroom tile floor.

The feeling of triumph was indescribable, a surge of adrenaline rushing through me, a thrill like nothing I’d ever felt. My cock involuntarily hitched and then pissed a milky, syrup-thick beam of pre-cum that splattered all over Madison’s chest, decorating her cleavage with a wild zig-zag. She reacted instantly, rearing back with revulsion, looking down in horror at the fat rope of pre-nut I’d painted all over the upper curvature of her breasts.

“Euuughh… What the fuck??” she screeched.

SMAKK!!

Instinctively, I slapped her hard across the face, nearly sending her toppling off her knees onto the floor.

“Shut the fuck up,” I hissed. Madison Albright, the gorgeous Homecoming Queen, goddess of the school dance team, looked up at me like a wounded puppy, with glimmering, tear-rimmed eyes. A pink handprint blossomed on her left cheek. But she shut the fuck up, just like I told her to.

I stroked my cock slowly, right in front of her face, surveying her body, enjoying the view as I looked straight down into her cleavage. Absently, I reached down and lifted the “Homecoming” sash off her shoulder, pulling it over her head and discarding it unceremoniously. She whimpered and flinched as I reached out, clearly expecting another slap in the face. I felt a heady mix of emotions: the power I had over her, the anticipation of unwrapping a gift on Christmas morning, the satisfaction of exerting my newfound powers, and behind it all the unholy rush of lust, the promise of the approaching orgasm, the build-up toward the moment when I would let loose and empty my nuts all over this bitch…

“Show me your fucking tits,” I barked, jerking off right in front of her, shamelessly. I could tell from the glassy look in her eyes that my pheromones were clouding her mind. My powers were having their effect. Trance-like, she reached up to the straps of her dress and slipped them off her shoulders.

“Holy fucking shit,” Stef said from behind me. I glanced over and saw she’d taken her phone out and was recording the proceedings, eyes locked on the screen.

Madison Albright, one of the hottest girls in school, knelt on the floor in front of me and lowered the front of her prom dress, casually pulling it down and letting her naked tits spill out into the open air. She wasn’t wearing a bra. They oozed out from within, jiggling

and bouncing as they were revealed to my hungry eyes.

They looked even larger than they had a moment ago within the confines of her dress… Two huge, creamy white mounds, perfectly teardrop-shaped, jouncing and jostling with even the slightest movement, like two heaping scoops of Jell-O. Madison's body was firm, athletic and toned, but her tits were soft and doughy, capped by saucer-sized, candy-pink areola and puffy nipple buds. Maybe not as large as Stef's newly enhanced pair, but there was an altogether different thrill about seeing these shapely, heavy breasts, the transgressive, forbidden nature of it, knowing she had a boyfriend, knowing I was seeing things I wasn't supposed to see.

I hissed with lust at the sight and my cock erupted spontaneously, tensing before firing a sustained burst of searing-hot pre-cum that blasted Madison in the chin, making her flinch and whimper pathetically. Her tits jiggled wildly and I appreciated the sight, stroking myself slowly, deliberately.

"Eeeuuwwhh," she whined, face contorted with disgust.

"Taste it," I said, stroking, looking down at her smugly.

"You're insane… Don't be… gross!" she pouted. But she was already collecting the chowder-thick fluid off her chin with her fingers, gathering it carefully. As I watched, she sniffed it and I saw her shiver with arousal, her eyelids fluttering. She looked up at me. Back to her fingers.

"Fuck you," she said, and jammed her fingers in her mouth, pursing her puffy, pink-painted lips around them and sucking hard, slurping noisily. She moaned, eyes rolling back in her head at the flavor as she tasted my cream for the first time. She cleaned her fingers thoroughly, smacking her lips, and looked up at me with baleful eyes, blushing deeply with shame.

"There's more where that came from," I smirked, still stroking my cock confidently, and I saw her eyes center on the bulbous, purple head, the coinslot-sized piss-hole drooling fresh pre-nut incessantly. "You can have all you want, Madison. I think you know how to get it."

"You're fucking disgusting," she said, her gaze darting between my eyes and my looming, swollen dick-head. "When my boyfriend finds out about this… He's gonna fucking kill you!"

"He's not your boyfriend anymore," I replied. "I am. Now, suck my fucking dick."

I could see the conflict in her mind as emotions of desperation and fear played out across her face. She looks into my eyes, back to my cock. She fought valiantly for a second to hold herself back, leaning away from my cock like it was a venomous snake at risk of biting her… But then, after a moment, she began leaning forward, as if an invisible magnet were drawing her in, and the desperation on her face turned to despair,

resignation, hunger…

She opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out as far as she could, her hot breath washing over my cock. Her tongue slid along the underside of my foreskin-strangled glans and I thrilled at the sensation, and the victory, grunting in satisfaction. Her eyes rolled back in an exaggerated expression of ecstasy the moment her tongue touched my cocktip and she shivered and gasped. I knew she was truly lost now, her lips closing around my engorged, cum-belching cockhead and kissing it sweetly. I basked in the pure, perfect pleasure as this previously unattainable beauty knelt and serviced me, my heart thumping in my chest.

She swirled her tongue around the fat glans, sucking hard on the still-drooling piss-slit, lips meeting the puffy, fleshy foreskin as she made out cravenly with my dick. The tip of her tongue lapped up the fresh cream as it burbled forth from the head and she moaned thickly, shuddering at the reward. I was watching her intently, studying her every reaction to my cream. She was behaving just as I'd hoped she would. Just like Stef had. Feeding her my cream was like giving her a drug, overriding her higher brain functions with a base, primitive drive to consume more and more. I didn't yet fully understand the long-term effects this would have on a girl like Madison's brain, but I knew that in the moment, it was definitely working for me.

Her ministrations on my cockhead became more slavish, more worshipful, as she tried to take in more of my length. Her jaw was straining and she washed her tongue madly over the glans in order to ease it further inside. Her lips formed an airtight seal over it, pushing my foreskin back in folds. She gurgled from the intense pressure as the spongy head met the back of her throat, her eyes crossing as she stared down almost a foot of rigid, vein-riddled cockmeat.

I sank my hand into her red hair and pulled her toward me, her gurgling chokes melding into a sustained gagging as she struggled to fit the entrance of her throat around the blunt end of my prick. Then suddenly, abruptly, she gave in, and in a single lurch my cock slammed midway down her throat, appearing as a huge, helmet-shaped bulge below her jaw.

Madison's eyes rolled back and tears ran down her face. Every inch was a struggle to force down as her throat was brutally pried further apart than it ever had been before. The bulge traveled deeper down her throat, Madison struggling to take long, gasping breaths while she still could. She looked and sounded like a total slut, huffing and gurgling while my bitch-breaking cock stretched her throat out, waves of drool and cum dribbling down her chin and dappling her beautiful, naked tits.

I moaned lowly as I hilted myself, the remaining inches of my cock surging wetly down her throat with a meaty *sklurrchh*, my pelvis crushing slowly into Madison's cute nose. The tightness of her esophagus on my pole was exquisite, the spasming of her throat muscles on my cock-head was divine… I didn't want to hold back any longer – my dick had been on the verge of bursting since that first contact on the dance floor, and as I looked down into Madison's helpless eyes, I saw the promise of that moment fulfilled.

The orgasm built swiftly, my balls clenching tightly up around the base of my shaft, hugging Madison's drool-streaked chin, gurgling audibly. My hips bucked as I crested toward climax, pleasure and heat building at the root of my prick, doing nothing to stop myself from crossing that edge, Madison's head jerking back and forth as I humped against her face.

Then all the pleasure and lust converged onto a single point of pure, white ecstasy and I heard that familiar *skluuuorrtt* from deep within her gullet as I started unloading my fist-sized balls directly into her belly. I could envision the spurts shooting erupting inside her, coiling masses of chunky, off-white sperm jelly pulsing into her again and again, painting the insides of her stomach. She looked up at me, eyes wide with desperation, a moment before twin ribbons of white-hot cum exploded out of her nostrils.

Madison was completely unprepared for the super-sized loads I had grown accustomed to blowing, and the entire affair became very messy very quickly… Cum gushed out from the corners of her mouth, bubbling out of her nose like lava from an active volcano. She drooled jism all over her naked tits, coughing and gagging around my spurting member as I unloaded more and more searing-hot, nearly-solid ropes of pure cum-gunk down her throat. She was panicking, slapping her hands against my thighs, trying to dislodge herself, but I grabbed the back of her head with both hands and held her in place, my cock lodged down her throat like a fencepost in the soil.

She blubbered helplessly and I savored the look of terror on her face as she drowned on my load, before the panic was washed away beneath a cum-drunk stupor, a hazy, unfocused look in her eyes as her eyelids drooped and her arms fell to her sides limply. She simply knelt, gulping and humming appreciatively as I emptied my nuts into her, suckling like a baby on my prick. She looked half-asleep, arms dangling uselessly at her sides, eyes barely open. The orgasm felt like it lasted for hours as I pumped an endless torrent of seed into her, her body hanging limp from my rock-hard cock.

When I finally began to withdraw, Madison's mouth latched onto my length so tightly that I had to step back, dragging her with me, her lips stretching away from her face, until with a jerk I pulled my entire sperm-coated shaft and she collapsed forward onto the tile floor in a heap.

The beautiful Homecoming queen lay face-down, hitching and coughing, vomiting huge amounts of cum that formed a puddle around her head. She groaned, cradling her midsection, sperm leaking freely from her nose and mouth.

I looked down at her pathetic, huddled form. It felt like a whole world opened up in that moment — a previously unattainable beauty had been swiftly reduced to a cock-sucking sperm-slut. I had never felt more confident, more powerful. My cock had remained diamond-hard and stood straight out from my body, slathered in a gloopy mix of my own cum and Madison's throat slime, and I looked over at my sister, filming the whole thing, both of us grinning ear-to-ear.

"Do it," she said, looking me in the eyes. "Finish it. Fuck the bitch."

I nodded, then reached down and sank my hand into Madison's fiery red hair, yanking her head up. She craned her neck painfully, looking up at me with unfocused eyes. The lower half of her face was coated in a thick mask of cum, strands of it dangling between her parted lips as she moaned like a brain-dead husk of her former self. She blubbered pathetically, burping up a mouthful of cum. The feeling of dominance in that moment was supreme, my cock throbbing as I looked down on Madison's ripe body, her lowered gown, titties spilling out into the open, already dappled with droplets of my cream.

I yanked her up to press her face against my heavy scrotum, drowning her in the pregnant weight of my cum-swollen balls, letting her suck and inhale and sniff the sweat on my nuts. Having my hand in her hair, controlling her, felt natural and right, and she adapted quickly to it, burying her face in my ballsack and snuffling deeply, saturating in my musk. My testicles gurgled and churned with new sperm, ready to dispatch a second mighty load already, and Madison moaned lewdly as she sniffed and sucked my nuts with wet, sloppy tongue kisses, worshipping me until I pulled her back, jerking my still-hard cock over her cum-covered, mascara-stained face.

"Beg for it," I said simply. "Beg me to fuck you, Madison."

"P-p-please," she whined, drawing herself up slowly into a kneeling position. "Please, fuck me… Fuck my pussy like you fucked my throat… Your cock is so fucking huge… I'm so hot for you…"

My cock throbbed at her words and I chuckled, then I turned and started dragging her by her hair over toward the stalls. She scurried with me, stiletto heels slipping and sliding on the tile floor, before I threw her in, bending her over a toilet and reaching down to grasp the hem of her long, satin gown.

She peered back over her shoulder, panting, eyes heavy-lidded and glassy, as I tossed the aqua-colored length of dress up over her hips, exposing her bubbly, fat, round ass. She wore lacy, lavender panties, and I remembered how I had seen the panty-line through the dress earlier on the dance floor. I gripped them from behind and ripped them down, tearing the lace, ruining the delicate undergarment, making Madison flinch and yelp as her naked ass was exposed… but then she thrust her hips back, giving her ass to me, inviting me forward, begging me to take her and fuck her for all she was worth.

Her big, heavy tits squashed against the porcelain of the toilet seat as she knelt, letting me mount her from behind. I spread her legs and got my first look at her naked pussy, pink and glistening with arousal. I ran my hand across the broad flank of her ass, savoring the feeling, remembering how she had twerked up against me earlier, my stiff dick trapped in my suit pants. I positioned my iron-girder cock at the pulpy outer folds of her cunt now and saw her clench and cream herself in anticipation, wetting the way for my entry.

"Go ahead," she hissed back at me. "Fuck my pussy up. Ruin me with your huge cock!"

“Bigger than your boyfriend?” I smirked, smearing my slimy, spongy cockhead up and down her slit.

“Fuck, it’s not even close,” she spat, bracing herself against the toilet. “You make Brad look like a little… bitch baby… *Waauuuughhhh!!*”

She screamed as I drew my hips back then sank forward, pushing into her with all the strength I could muster, opening her up with my girth, which disappeared inch after inch thanks to how unbelievably, gushingly wet she was. She cried out, her hands clutching the toilet bowl and pushing back against me, writhing against my cock.

“Oh god, holy fuck!” she shouted, arching her back. I glanced backward at the restroom door. We couldn’t make too much noise in here. I reached forward and put my hand over her mouth, muffling her battered screams and moans as I proceeded to rail her out relentlessly, the sound of my hips bashing against her fat ass repeatedly filling the room with a *thwapp-thwapp-thwapp-thwapp.* Her ass jiggled and shook in great waves as I pounded her from behind and she sobbed deliriously into my hand. The feeling was incredible — it felt like her cunt was actually *sucking* my prick, my big, smooth balls bouncing off the back of her legs.

“Mmmmhhhf!” she wailed, the sound muffled by my open hand. “Mmmggrrhhh!!”

I smacked her fat ass over and over again as my cock hammered into her, pink handprints blooming on her expansive cheeks with every vicious, sharp *SMAKK!!*

“Gyuhh!” she gurgled, her eyes rolling back, tongue hanging out. I took my hand away from her mouth and slid both hands under her body, clutching her massive tits, sinking my fingers deep into the fatty tissue, holding onto them like handholds as I continued fucking her. Her head lolled from side to side and she blubbered and babbled like an infant, drooling on herself indecently as I fucked her out of her mind.

SMAKK! SMAKK! SMAKK! SMAKK! SMAKK!

Her ass shook and quivered like a massive Jell-O mold as I pumped more than a foot of iron-hard cock into her sloppy, gushing cunt over and over again, slamming against her back walls, pummeling her womb. Finally her head dropped to the porcelain of the toilet seat and she simply lay there, taking it, absorbing the abuse, the picture of submission. I remembered how she had danced with me earlier, thrusting her ass back onto me, bending at the waist, backing up against me in a lewd impression of a mating ritual. That promise, now, fulfilled.

I fucked into her deeply with one final, angry thrust, shaft buried up to the balls. My massive length churned inside her, squashing up against her inner organs, distending her womb and pressing up into her guts, before my pisshole dilated and began to pump out hot, nasty ropes of pudding-thick semen. Each impact of sloppy, bubbling, chowdery cum inside her resounded with a sickening *spluuuorrrt* as I emptied my nuts inside her

again for the second time in 30 minutes.

I held her down, my fingers gripping into the fleshy curve of her hips, dumping load after load into her until heavy splatters of the stuff started to pour back out of the tight seal her pussy made around he base of my cock. It splashed and splurted down over her legs as I kept exploding into her, and before I was done a waterfall of messy, lumpy semen cascaded down the outside of the toilet, pooling around her knees, staining the length of aqua-colored gown that hung from her hips. She blubbered wordlessly as my hips flicked with a few final, involuntary fuck-thrusts, squeezing out a final, sperm-laden cum-worm into her decimated womb.

When I withdrew, a thick paste of white cream poured from Madison's pussy, adding to the mess already splattered on the ground. She simply lay there, exhausted, panting, eyes half-lidded and glassy, her ruined lavender panties hanging around her knees. She was a cum-wallowing orgasmic mess, a beautiful girl transformed into a degraded, disgusting fuck-toy.

Behind me, Stefanie cackled with laughter and put her phone back in her purse. I exhaled heavily, flicking a last few dollops of cream onto Madison's broad, white ass cheeks before tucking my softening cock back into my pants.

Madison Albright was a fucking wreck, bent over one of the toilets in the men's restroom, dress hiked up in the back, exposing her round, naked buttocks. Her pale ass-cheeks were littered with pink handprints and her exposed cunt gushed a veritable river of gooey, clumpy, clotted cum-gunk down the backs of her legs onto he tile floor. Her dress was yanked down in the front, her big, fat titties squashed into the toilet seat as she lay motionless, blubbering and murmuring wordlessly through cum-slathered lips. This was the Homecoming Queen on the night of the big dance. She should have been dancing in the arms of her loving boyfriend, but she was here. This is what I'd done to her. This is what I could do.

"What are we gonna do with her?" Stef asked, admiring Madison's form beside me.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, we can't just leave her like this," Stef said, shooting me a look. "Someone's gonna find her. It's not gonna look good. And we don't know what she'll say."

I nodded. I honestly don't think I ever expected the plan to ever even get this far. But it had succeeded beyond my wildest expectations.

"Get some paper towels," I said, buttoning my pants. "Clean her up. Get her dress back on. We'll take her out one of the back entrances. I'll call the limo guy."

"You mean…?" Stef looked at me with questioning eyes.

"Why not?" I said, shrugging. "We don't have school tomorrow. We'll take her home with

us. Madison Albright's coming to our place for a sleepover."

Chapter 11:
Sleepover

We were able to get Madison out of the school without incident, once she could safely stand upright again. She was as mind-fucked as Stef had been after our first encounter — nonverbal, in a trance-like state, barely conscious. But we shuffled her out the school's rear exit, avoiding the gymnasium at the other end of the building entirely. I wondered if Brad would be out in the parking lot, patrolling, looking for her.

Madison slumped into the back of our limo, cleaned up and looking barely presentable, Stef carrying her Homecoming sash and tiara. I got in behind them and we set off. Madison nodded off almost instantly, head lolling to one side and resting on my shoulder as we cruised toward home.

Meanwhile, Stef and I, drunk off the night's victory, were locked in each other's arms, making out sloppily and passionately, just like any other two kids after a high school dance. I fondled and squeezed my twin sister's massive breasts through her dress, enjoying the way her nipples stiffened with arousal at my touch, the way her body arched against mine, the little moans she made as she kissed me, nipping at my lips, sucking my tongue like a cock.

Her hand fell down to my pants, undid the button and slipped inside, gripping my cock firmly and beginning an insistent back-and-forth stroking that had me granite-hard in no time. I opened my pants the rest of the way and let my prick spring free, rising like a flagpole out of my lap. Stef cooed and wrapped her fingers around its soda-can-thick girth, pumping hard as she dived into the nape of my neck, kissing and nipping behind my ear, whispering dirty, filthy things under her breath.

"You know this is just the beginning," she hissed, tonguing my earlobe. "You can have anyone, Miles. Anyone. Make a list of every girl in school you want to fuck and I'll help you do it by the end of the year. I'll even tell you which of the girls have hot moms if you want to fuck some MILFs, too. Or the teachers… how about that math teacher you like, Miss Shen?"

My cock flexed in her hand and a button of pre-cum bloomed on the tip. She swiped her fingers up and collected it, using it to lubricate her persistent, constant jacking.

"Mmm, you like that, huh?" Stef giggled. "How about you bend her over that desk of hers and fuck the shit out of her after school? Pick a day this week, brother, and she's yours. You're the Master, you decide…"

I glanced at Stef out of the corner of my eye. This wasn't the first time she had taken to calling me "Master." It had started as a game in the earliest days of our sexual relationship, a little light roleplaying, but something about it had stuck. I had suspected all along there was something naturally subservient about her new role as my cum-slut.

But her insistence on calling me “Master” was… interesting. I wondered idly if Madison would take to it so readily.

“Mmm,” Madison said sleepily, head shifting as she woke from her fuck-induced slumber to take in her surroundings. “Mmmwuh? Wh-where are we? Where are we going?”

“Shut the fuck up,” I said, taking her by the back of the hair and forcing her head down into my lap, spearing her face with ease, forcing my cock into her mouth. Her protests and awkward struggling died quickly as she tasted my cream, and she adapted to her position in the seat, leaning over my crotch and blowing me with sloppy *slurps* and *smucks,* her heaving tits squashed into my thigh.

I took Stefanie’s head in my other hand and pulled her back in to resume our kiss, thrusting my tongue into her eager, hot, wet mouth.

———

With my dick in her mouth, Madison refrained from asking any more difficult questions before we arrived back at the house. She delivered excellent suction, and I was impressed with her blowjob skills — even thinking she might have a thing or two to teach Stefanie — but I didn’t allow myself to cum on the car ride home. Instead, I let a constant flow of sperm-tinged pre-nut flow up from my balls, keeping Madison’s mind dulled and her attention on the task at hand.

We took her inside the sprawling mansion and I led us to the vast living room, plopping down onto one of the expansive sofas. Our parents were both out of town through Wednesday, so there was no need to confine ourselves to a bedroom. This was my little fantasy, and I was going to enjoy it like I was the real man of the house.

“I don’t know what you did to me,” Madison murmured, taking in the stark, modern design of our home. “This is crazy… Brad’s probably wondering where I am…”

“Oh, I took care of that,” Stef chirped, pulling Madison’s phone out of her purse. “I texted him for you and said you were heading home. He said some stuff about dancing with other guys, but I just ignored it.”

“I’m sure you and him can work things out some other time,” I said, smiling as I admired the two gorgeous red-heads in their silky gowns.

“That’s the thing,” Madison said, standing before me. “I don’t know if I want to?”

Stef grinned, looking at me meaningfully.

“I can’t stop thinking about your… cock,” Madison blurted, blushing a deep scarlet. “I can’t get the taste of your cum out of my mind. It’s the best thing I’ve ever tasted in my *fucking life.* What you did to me… I know it was, like… like… *so* fucked up. Like, I should hate you, but… but…”

“But you don’t give a fuck, because you want more of something only I can give you,” I finished for her. She nodded wordlessly, casting her eyes down at her feet.

“Don’t be ashamed,” Stef said, slinking up behind Madison and massaging her shoulders. “Trust me, I know just how you feel… The hunger… The lust… The way it takes over your mind and makes it all you can think about…”

“This is so fucked up,” Madison whimpered, shaking her head. “I don’t… I mean, I know you’re Stefanie’s brother, but I don’t even know your name…”

“My name is Miles. But you can call me… ‘Sir.’ Or ‘Master,’” I said, reaching forward to squeeze my cock through my pants as it throbbed with lust.

“You… you must be joking,” she said, shivering involuntarily. Her eyes darted down to my crotch, the bulge there.

“Do I look like I’m fucking joking?” I asked, rubbing up and down along my cock through my pants. “If you want my cum again, you’ll do what I say.”

“Fine, okay,” Madison said. Both Stef and I exchanged surprised glances, amazed that our prey had capitulated so soon. “Whatever you say… Sir.”

My cock pulsed in my pants and I felt a clumpy cord of white-hot cum juice spurt down my pant leg. I opened my pants and fished my cock out, arduously levering the diamond-hard, stiff-straight, foot-long slab of meat out of my underwear into the open air. Madison shuddered and moaned out loud as she saw it and I chuckled. Such devotion from my new slut.

“You won’t regret this,” Stef hissed in Madison’s ear. “The things we can do together… It’s going to feel so… fucking… good.”

With that, my sister slipped her fingers under the straps of Madison’s gown and lowered them over her shoulders, pulling the front of the garment down over her chest again, spilling her titties out, freeing the beautiful pair once more. I grunted and jerked my cock, raking my eyes over the exposed flesh. Stef kept going, pulling the dress down to Madison’s narrow waist and then squeezing it over her rounded, flaring hips. The senior girl stood defiant before me, looking glamorous and beautiful even as she was stripped. Her lavender panties were already stretched and torn, barely hanging off her hips, and she flinched as Stef ripped them off brusquely, tearing the lace to shreds, bearing her red-furred snatch to my gaze. Pre-cum oozed up from the end of my dick, drooling down over the fingers of my pumping hand, filing the room with the wet *skwlch-skwlch-skwltt* sounds of my slow, deliberate masturbation.

“Now… undress my sister,” I grinned. Madison, standing naked except for her stiletto pumps, balked.

“Hey, now, listen,” she said. “I’m not… I mean, I don’t…”

“Do you want my cum or *don’t* you?” I roared, and she cowered. Slowly, she turned toward my sister. The two of them were so beautiful, so similar in so many ways. Gorgeous redheads, athletic, big tits… I thought of the famous supermodel Mary Jane Watson and a shard of lust lanced through my cock, causing my to spontaneously erupt with a single, looping arc of hot, molasses-thick pre-nut that splattered silently into the plush carpet.

“This is fucking sick,” Madison muttered, fingering the straps of Stef’s dress. “You’re brother and sister..”

“Just do what my brother says and this will all go a lot easier for you,” Stef said, smiling sweetly. Then she pulled Madison in for a gentle kiss, brushing her lips, breathing into her, before going deeper, searching, questing with her tongue, her hands seeking out the older girl’s DD-cup breasts.

Madison surrendered to the kiss, pulling Stef’s dress down off her shoulders. She peeled it over my sister’s chest, exposing her own massive mammaries, catching her breath at their beauty, their perfect shape, the upturned nipple buds, the fulsome, heavy shape. Stef’s dress fell further around her waist and she pulled Madison in close, kissing her again, reaching around to squeeze he ass, and Madison slipped the dress over Stef’s hips and let it slide down, down over her long legs until it crumpled in a heap about their feet.

“Go on…” I urged. “Kiss her breasts, Madison… Feel them…”

“Yessss,” Madison hissed, enraptured by my sister’s undeniable beauty, cupping one mighty tit and leaning in… Before Stef suddenly took her by the hair, yanking her back.

“Yes *what?”* Stef asked, teeth bared. Madison’s eyes were wide, fearful, her gaze darting over to me as I jacked off watching the pair of them.

“Yes… *Master!*” she whimpered. Stef released her and Madison immediately moved forward, licking my sister’s breasts, lavishing attention on the nipples, sucking and nipping them. Stefanie moaned, pulling her in closer, bringing Madison up again to kiss her deeply, drooling into her mouth. They kissed sloppily, hungrily, as if feeding of one another, and I could see their tongues dancing wetly.

Stef knelt with Madison on the couch opposite from me, entwined in each other’s arms, two sets of gorgeous tits squashed into one another, slipping and sliding against each other. Stef cupped Madison’s big ass again, squeezing hard then slapping it playfully, making the older girl giggle, and they descended until Stef was laying on top of her, still connected at the mouth, moaning and sighing into each other.

Finally breaking off, their lips briefly connected by sloppy strands of saliva, Stef began to rub herself across Madison’s prone body, moving down, dragging her heavy breasts

across her stomach, grinding her pussy into Madison's leg, her fingers drifting into the girl's thatch of red pubic hair, digging deep inside. Madison squirmed and gasped din joy beneath her. The rubbing continued even as Stef moved north, hefting her fulsome tits across Madison's face, inviting her suck her nipples. Madison sucked readily, fiercely, and I saw my sister bite her lip, trembling with pleasure. One breast fell over Madison's face, the other drifting between the older girl's own considerable pair, her nipples standing proud to attention. My cock was leaking freely at the sight, my pole slick and cum-slathered, my fist rising and falling on the vein-riddled meat with a repeating *shlikk-shlikk-shlikk-shlikk-shlikk.*

Stef pulled free and moved further down, exploring our new toy's buoyant breasts, her hand returning to Madison's pussy, two fingers impaling her, moving deeper and deeper inside as the girl's thighs spread wide in response. Stef looked to me for direction and I nodded curtly, struggling to contain my orgasm as I watched my sister finger-fuck a dream-girl on our couch.

Stef shimmied down, bringing her head level to Madison's snatch, teasing the girl's clitoris with her tongue even as she savagely dug her fingers deeper. Madison writhed and clutched at the couch cushions, her legs folding around Stef's back, and her head fell back off the edge of the sofa, her tousled, messy bun of red hair dangling just above the carpet. She opened her mouth and gasped silently then groaned, a deep, guttural sound as her hips bucked against Stef's fingers.

By now, rivulets of pure white cream were running down the shaft of my cock, so I stood and moved closer, wiping my slimy, spongy dickhead under her nose and across her mouth, thrilling as her tongue emerged to take the cream I offered. I stood behind her, my heavy scrotum resting on her nose as I carefully aligned my prick with her gasping mouth and pushed it inside, savoring the feeling of fresh cum being drained from my balls.

I looked down at Stef and noticed the look of lustful intent on her face as she slowly rotated her fingers in Madison's pussy, her tongue flicking on her engorged clit. The sensations seemed to be almost too much for Madison, and she sought relief by sucking very hard on my cock. My overactive testicles obliged by producing an even thicker and more viscous supply of mind-bending sperm and she swallowed every single drop as it emerged.

I reached down, sinking my hands into Madison's fat, jiggling titties like a baker kneading raw dough, twisting and pulling, pinching her nipples, making her squirm. I thought of all the times I'd seen her twerk that big ass with the dance team… all the times I'd seen her in the hallway at school and stolen a glance, indulged a fantasy even for a moment, before hurriedly averting my gaze if she looked my direction…

My balls churned and twitched, smothering her with their musky, heavy heat as they approached the last load of cum. The tightness increased to unbearable levels and I used Madison's titties as handholds, thrusting deep into her throat, enjoying the way I could see my cock bulge all the way down her gullet as I fucked her face.

“Give her all that nasty, chunky, backed-up cum, Master,” Stef hissed, and hearing her use that word sent me over the edge. “Shoot it down her throat and make her yours!”

My cream boiled forth from my balls and blasted its way into Madison’s throat as Stef simultaneously finger-fucked her pussy and tongued her clit, burrowing her head into the juncture of her thighs and slurping wildly. Madison screamed hard, sending delicious vibrations through the root of my spasming cock, her hands balled into fists, beating the couch under her with orgasmic fury as her hips hitched and bucked, bringing Stef along for the ride.

I bore down, leaning forward and bracing myself against her tits, cock buried in her throat, and spurted heavy, fat ropes down into her stomach again and again. My knees gave out briefly and I collapsed onto the couch, simply lying on top of Madison with my cock enmeshed in her face, riding out the minutes-long peak of orgasm, firing jet after jet of searing-hot cream into her — *spluuuorrtt, spluuurgggt, shhhpllpptptpt!*

———

Madison never hesitated to call me “Master” again after that. The three of us enjoyed the rest of the night immensely and didn’t fall asleep until the early morning hours, entangled together and completely exhausted on the living room floor. The next day, Sunday, was much the same, an explosion of sexual energy with Madison at the center. I lost count of the loads I pumped into both her and my sister in that 24-hour period, but there was always more burbling forth from my hyperactive balls, firing with firehose pressure into their willing bodies, coating them inside and out.

On Sunday night, when it was time to say goodbye, we gave Madison some of Stef’s clothes and called her a car. Freshly showered and clean but looking utterly drained, like the most sexually satisfied woman in the world, she looked up at me and asked the obvious question:

“I don’t understand,” she said. “How am I supposed to go back to my normal life after this?”

“We have to keep up appearances for now,” I said, checking my phone for the Uber’s arrival time. “People can’t know we’re a couple. I don’t want them tracing any links between us. So we can’t talk at school, understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she said, her head bowed.

“But I’ll text you,” I said, lifting her chin gently and smiling into her eyes. “We’ll make time to see each other outside of school hours.”

“I understand,” she said, dejectedly.

“Now, your ride’s almost here,” I said, standing her up and handing her a tote bag with

her gown, tiara and Homecoming sash inside. We paused at the door and I pulled her in for a deep kiss. She withered against me, hands exploring my back, hips pressing against mine in a shameless attempt to elicit a sexual response. Amazing. Even now, she still wanted more.

I pushed her gently away and patted her ass, then watched her hips sway as she walked down the front driveway toward our gate and the waiting town car.

Chapter 12:
Master

I awoke Monday morning to the delicious feeling of Stef's suctioning mouth on my cock, blowing me exquisitely, swallowing the loads I'd busted in my sleep as usual. As I drifted up toward consciousness, she blew new life into my semi-hard erection, hugging her massive breasts around the shaft and titty-fucking me until I was rock-hard, painfully erect, and wide awake.

We wrestled in the sheets playfully, nipping and biting each other like lion cubs, until I finally pinned her down and forced my cock inside her, making her scream and wriggle as I fucked the shit out of her. I held her hands above her head and mauled her tits as I ravaged her, rewarding her teasing by taking out all my latent frustration on her, pumping her womb full of cum and leaving her a blubbering, stuttering mess amid the tangled sheets. After laying on top of her, spent, resting my head on her pillowy tits, I crawled off and staggered to the shower to get cleaned up.

When I emerged from the bathroom, refreshed and rejuvenated, Stef had prepared a full bacon-and-egg breakfast for me downstairs in the kitchen. I thanked her and ate happily while she sucked my cock beneath the table, earning her own breakfast — a stomach full of my swirling, steaming, wriggling sperm gunk. And then we were off to school.

This was the new morning routine in those early days — my sister had transformed into something beyond a lover, beyond a mate. She was like a servant, a housekeeper, and a sex doll wrapped up into one. And she was the only other soul on Earth I could truly be myself around, share my full identity with, plan my next move with. She encouraged me, supported me, urged me toward the next move in a scheme of domination with a scope so massive that neither of us could fully envision it yet.

Life was good.

———

I kept in contact with Madison over text, and over the course of the week what started as a casually flirtatious conversation grew increasingly unhinged. Her hunger for my cream, and her shameless, naked lust, seemed to multiply every day I wasn't with her.

On Monday morning I got this text:

Hey boo <3
Sorry I mean Master ;)
Just called Brad and broke up with him officially. He cried like a little baby
Thinking about u

She attached a winking selfie taken in the back seat of her car on the way to school.

On Tuesday I got more messages, starting at 7 am, before I was even awake:

Good morning, Master
I can't stop thinking about you and your big beautiful cock
When am I gonna see u again?
I'm so thirsty for ur nut

She attached a pouting selfie she'd taken in bed, lying on her stomach in the covers with the slope of her big ass rising in the background.

We chatted back and forth and I made it clear I would meet up with her when I was free. I admit I was eager to enjoy her body again, and the thrill of control I felt at knowing I had upended her stable relationship, that she willingly now called me "Master," was intoxicating. But I was also curious to see how far I could push it with her. I'd seen what the effects of sustained exposure to my cream could do to a person like Stefanie. What would happen if I held out? Would Madison go through some sort of withdrawals? Would the effects of my pheromones wear off? Were they temporary?

By Wednesday morning her texts were growing increasingly more unhinged:

Good morning Master
Please give me ur cum please
Please master please

She sent a litany of full-body mirror selfies with herself decked out in head-to-toe red lingerie — a lacy push-up bra, garter belt and stockings, and the briefest of thong panties. She shot from every angle so I could see the deep valley of her cleavage, the slope of her ass, turning and shooting over her shoulder to show the fullness of her big, round ass, thong disappearing between the cheeks…

I flipped through the photos amusedly while Stef fellated me in bed that morning, and when I busted down her throat, I was thinking of Madison.

On Thursday she was growing crazed, desperate:

I'm so fuckin thirsty I feel like I'm losing my mind
I'll do anything u want, u know I will
I'm yours, I'm ur fucking slave

The texts didn't stop while I was at school, and I enjoyed the thrill of receiving filthy texts from a beautiful senior girl during class, sneaking a peek under my desk. Madison sent me selfies from the bathroom, pulling her shirt up and her bra down to expose her pert, full tits for me, and my cock throbbed under my desk.

Come to the second floor men's restroom
That's where u fucked me for the first time
I just wanna see u

I sauntered up to the second floor during the next passing period and found her loitering outside the restroom. I pulled my phone out and looked at it as I approached her casually, pretending not to notice her.

"What did I say?" I asked under my breath as I drew closer. "We can't be seen together at school. I don't want to raise suspicions."

"I know, I knowwww," she whined, looking up and down the hallway. "But I need it so bad baby, you don't know what it's like…"

This was true. I lusted for Madison more than ever, certainly… but I had some self-discipline. This close to her, the urge to touch her, to kiss her, to grind my body against hers, was stronger than ever… But I could keep it under control. She was clearly having greater difficulty. The raw addictive aspect of my powers was being demonstrated right before my eyes. Madison, the beautiful senior who I had lusted after from afar for so many weeks, was behaving like a crack whore, a junkie, begging shamelessly for her next fix.

"Listen," she said in a hushed, conspiratorial tone. "The dance team practice studio is empty during seventh period. Meet me there. Just this once. C'mon, Master, please…"

I glanced up and down the hall and froze as I saw Brad Wilcox marching toward us, maybe 50 feet away. His face was contorted in anger but he hadn't noticed me me — he was looking past me at Madison.

"I'll text you," I said simply, drifting away and disappearing into the crowd, hurrying to my next class.

———

Seventh period was a study hall for me, so I avoided it completely and headed over to the athletics complex in the school's east wing, where I knew the dance team practiced. I found Madison there, waiting for me, dressed in her uniform — yellow booty shorts, white sneakers, and a tight, midriff-bearing crop-top. Her hair was long and flowing, cascading down over her shoulders and back in fiery waves. She smiled broadly as I stepped into the studio for the first time, setting my backpack by the door.

“You came,” she gushed, barely containing her excitement.

I nodded.

“What do you think?” she asked, twirling, spinning, showing her body off from every angle. My eyes caught on the bulge of her heart-shaped ass in the skintight shorts, the way the crop-top contained her massive tits. “Do you like it?”

“We can’t do stuff like this on school grounds,” I said, walking toward the center of the room. There were mirrors all along one wall. “I’m not trying to get caught.”

“We won’t, we won’t,” she said, rushing over and rubbing my shoulders soothingly. “I practice in here all the time and no one ever comes by. Look, we can lock the door.”

She skipped to the door and peeked out of the small rectangular window into the hall, then turned the deadbolt and flipped the lights off, casting the whole room in shadow. Satisfied, she stalked back to the center of the room to meet me.

“There, now we have this place allll to ourselves,” she breathed, drawing nearer. She looked succulent in her dance uniform, a status symbol evoking that time when she had still been an unattainable fantasy, before I tore her down and took her by force. My cock stiffened in my trousers as I stood, watching her approach me, hips swaying sensually, with the practiced grace of a dancer.

“I can’t stop thinking about you,” she confessed, eyes on mine. “About everything we did last weekend… Everything you *made me* do. You and Stef… What we did was so fucked up… but so hot…”

She was standing close to me now, tantalizingly close but not touching, her ample chest jutting out like a shelf toward me, her breath on my cheek.

“No one’s ever fucked me like that,” she whispered. “I’ve never cum so hard in my fucking life… and not just once but again and again and *again*… I came so hard I think you broke my fucking brain…”

I chuckled. She didn’t know how right she was. She reached down, finding my cock through my pants, looking me in the eye as she stroked it.

“I keep thinking about this dick,” she murmured. “The way it felt stuffing my pussy up, shooting me full of your hot, nasty cream-loads… The way your balls felt on my face, so big and heavy… So much fucking cum sloshing around inside…”

My balls gurgled in response and we both heard it, Madison smiling as her slow, sensual stroking and filthy talk finally got a reaction out of me.

I reached forward suddenly and grabbed her by the upper arm, spinning her around and pulling her ass toward me. I reared back and spanked her, hard, a loud resounding

SMAKK!! echoing off the walls of the dance studio, and she whimpered. Her cheek jiggled like mad, the slightest imprint of my hand left behind in the jelly-soft flesh. Indulging fully in the fantasy I now enjoyed, I yanked her booty shorts up, exposing the full expanse of one round, white ass-cheek, spanking her again, clapping the cheek and watching it wobble and bounce crazily.

Madison moaned and leaned back against me, resting her head on my shoulder, grinding her fat ass into my crotch. My dick bulged and pulsed against my pants, eager to give the bitch exactly what she'd been begging for. I hurriedly unbuttoned my pants and slid the fly down, shuffling the waistband down until I could withdraw my turgid, already-leaking cock. Madison sighed as she felt its heat against her leg and it sprung forward, jutting straight out. She captured it between her thick thighs and squeezed, an embrace almost as tight as her own clutching pussy, and my hips bucked, fucking against her into her thigh gap. My beet-red, helmet-shaped head protruded in front, drooling syrupy pre-cum as Madison slowly gyrated, grinding on me, squeezing more pre-nut joy out of the tortured, swollen bell-end of my throbbing pole.

"Who's your Master?" I hissed into her ear, groping her ass shamelessly, fingers digging deep into the yielding flesh.

"You are," she breathed, arching against me, thrusting her ass into my hand.

"What are you?" I asked, eager to push her toward further depravities.

"I'm your fucking cum-dump," she moaned, wiggling her ass against me, crushing my cock between her thighs. "I'm your slut, your whore… your slave…"

I spanked her again, viciously, sending her ass to wobbling and jiggling yet again. She yelped, her buttocks bouncing mightily from the force of the open-palmed blow.

"You like to shake that fuckin' fat ass out on the court, huh?" I asked, whispering right into my ear.

"Yes, Master," she sighed, lost in sensation. I gripped her ass-cheek, fingers sinking deeply into the flesh, and jiggled it for my amusement, smacking and clapping it together with the other cheek, making degrading *plapp-plapp-plapp* sounds in the empty dance studio.

"Look at all this fucking *ass meat*," I hissed, groping and pawing her like a common whore, kneading and pulling on it, then spanking her again, making her yelp, feeling her whole ass quiver. Then, abruptly, I let her go, pushing her forward.

"Twerk it for me," I said. "I want a private show from my little slave-slut. The next time I see you shaking it out there at halftime, I want to know it's *mine* and *only mine."*

"It is," she said, stepping forward, sliding torturously off my pole. "It's all for you, Master. Every fucking inch…"

She stood a few paces in front of me and spread her legs, bending slightly at the hips, thrusting her ass back. She knew instinctively what I wanted to see — the pose I knew from her dance routine, the pose these rich, entitled high school girls had appropriated from the most degrading rap videos they could find… the pose of a twerking whore.

She began to flick her hips up and down, her ass-cheeks clapping with a *whop-whop-whop* sound that echoed across the room. Her booty shorts rode up, sinking into the cleft of her ass-crack and she looked back over her shoulder as she twerked for me, her eyes locked on my monster cock. I watched her, enraptured, one hand slowly guiding up and down my stiff, cum-slick meat.

With my other hand I reached out and spanked her again, making her shake her ass harder, those sumptuous mounds of flesh rippling in great tidal waves that added to the erotic gyrating motion of her dancing.

When I couldn't take anymore I reached down and yanked her bootyshorts down, revealing that she wasn't wearing any underwear, exposing her ass completely. I took a grip, one hand on each side of her naked ass, feeling the warmth and buoyancy of the flesh. Her thickness spilled over my fingers like molten lava and I pressed harder, her buttocks piling up around my hands. Then I took my cock in hand and started beating her ass like a drum with it, a wet *thwapp thwapp thwapp* as I swatted her ass-cheeks with the angry purple helmet-head of my prick. She kept twerking through it, making her whole ass quake and bounce as I beat it.

I pressed up against her, sliding my girthy, foot-long cock along her ass-crack, hugging her to me. She was still twerking and bouncing, sending delicious shards of ecstasy through my pole as I sandwiched it between the globes of her thick, fat ass and thrust upwards, hissing in lust.

Looking across the room, I saw our darkened figures in the reflections of the dance studio mirrors, my form lurking behind hers, arms wrapped around her beautiful hourglass figure. I reached down and lifted her shirt up, peeling it up over her impressive bust, letting her bra-encased titties bounce free, a lacy lavender push-up bra that was probably meant to match the panties I'd shredded on the night of our first encounter. I pulled the cups down, letting her massive melons spill out in all their glory, feasting my eyes on them in the mirror's reflection, catching them with my hands and squeezing hard, making her shudder and moan against me.

"You remember how it felt when I found you on the dance floor?" I whispered, kneading and squeezing her tits, groping her hungrily.

"Uh-huh," she grunted, arching her back and squeezing her ass around the length of my cock, sending lurid raptures flickering through my body. "I remember… I felt so free… I felt… high… And I could feel your cock through your pants… Big and hard…"

"You danced like a fucking slut," I spat, pinching her nipples, making her writhe in my

arms. “Your boyfriend saw you twerking on me and lost his shit, didn’t he?”

“F-fuck him,” Madison breathed. “I don’t give a shit about him anymore… He’s a fucking faggot… You make him look like a little child!”

My cock belched up a heavy load of dense, pudding-thick pre-nut onto Madison’s back and I decided enough was enough, bending her over and forcing her down onto the ground roughly. Her beautiful breasts were squashed obscenely into the studio floor, showing their size even from behind, pancaking under her weight. But I was drawn forward by the sight of the twin bubble globes of her massive, fat ass, my cock rock-hard, my mind in a state of sexual frenzy.

“Please, fuck me, Master,” Madison begged, spitting out her words as she craned her neck to peer back at me over her shoulder. “Pump me full of your fucking cum, *please!!*”

She was panting, watching me as I aligned my mammoth dick at her asshole. Her booty shorts hung around her knees I grunted, ground my cockhead against her puckered anal rosette just enough to get it spread, then jammed my length forward, sinking almost a foot of cockmeat into her ass. She shrieked as I pierced her, then I drew back and thrust forward again, hilting myself fully. My leaking, spurting cock pummeled viciously against her rectum, rearranging her insides, the clenching tightness beyond description. She groaned as a degrading, soul-snuffing orgasm ripped through her body immediately, her legs kicking weakly behind her.

I stirred up her ass with long, plunging strokes, gripping onto her sumptuous bubble-butt, pressing her face into he floor as I thrust into her. There was nothing tender or loving about this coupling; it was dirty, brutal, primal.

Madison screamed, but I just gasped wordlessly and pumped into her like an oil derrick. Her mouth hung open and her eyes rolled back as my hips beat a rhythm into her ass. My massive cock filled her, stretched her out, dominated her.

“F-fuck me up!” she cried. “Ruin my ass! I’ll never fuck another man again!”

I felt an orgasm rising swiftly as I fed on Madison’s depraved dirty talk, faster than I expected, and I let it ride, giving in entirely to my darkest, basest lusts. I sank my hips down into her. Her body was gorgeous, sculpted and toned, with enormous ass-globes and big, voluptuous tits, and I appreciated every inch of her in turn, thinking again (for some reason) of the model Mary Jane Watson. The sound of her ass gripping and milking my cock filled the room, a kind of squelching, burping, farting sound as I forced myself into her, carving her out with every thrust.

The room echoed with the sound of our lovemaking, a repeated *whopp-whopp-whopp* as I absolutely violated her asshole. My hands held onto her massive cheeks as I reamed her out, picking up speed, her voice degenerating into little more than a series of overwhelmed groans and wet gasps. She came again and again, shaking and twitching as I buried 12 inches of cock in her deepest recesses.

And then, the last short sprint toward climax, the rising heat, and I hilted my cock for the final time. Madison cried out in the last of her uncounted orgasms as we climaxed together. The chunky, churning sound of my thick semen pumping into her drowned out her mewling, weeping moans – *spluuuortt, spluuurrg, skuuuuushhhh.*

When I finally extricated myself, cum exploded out of her gaping, destroyed asshole in an avalanche of syrupy muck, collecting in a thick puddle on the studio floor. I shuffled back and let her slump to the side, utterly fucked into oblivion. She lay face-down on the floor and I was reminded of the sight of my own sister after I raped her in the hallway that first night, changing both of our lives forever.

Madison Albright was beautiful, rich, popular… the primo jerk-off fantasy for most red-blooded boys at Keystone Academy. And now, she was undeniably mine, body and soul. She used the words "Master" and "slave" casually, as if they had been *her* invention, and my mind reeled at the possibilities. As I tucked my softening cock back in my pants and gave her naked ass a final, celebratory smack, I was already thinking of what came next. I could fuck Madison every day and probably never get tired of it. She was so fucking hot, and she was completely addicted to me.

But part of me knew already, even then, that it would not be enough. I needed more. Stef had been right. I could fuck every single girl in this school if I wanted to, and half the teachers too. And why stop there?

There was suddenly no limit on what I could accomplish with my powers. Madison Albright had been Homecoming Queen on Saturday, and by Thursday… she was my willing, devoted fuck-toy.

"You should clean yourself up before someone finds you," I said, zipping my pants up and heading for the door, retrieving my backpack. "I've gotta get to class."

Chapter 13:
Head Cheerleader

I smoldered with triumph as I dashed back upstairs during passing period. I was riding a high — sexually sated, my mind clear after blowing an overdue load into my newest whore, and I had time to myself to think and what my next step should be.

As it turned out, fate was one step ahead of me. My unusual path from the athletics complex over to the west side of school on that day meant I crossed paths with Alana Blair.

I was used to seeing Alana on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, when our schedules aligned such that we usually crossed paths after third period. If my pheromones were particularly active that day, sometimes Alana would unwittingly tail me (along with a gaggle of other girls) to my next class, her free will temporarily overwhelmed by a

subconscious desire that I had now seen exercised to its fullest extent in Madison.

On this particular day, she must have caught my scent right away — I had barely noticed her out of the corner of my eye before I saw her pause, then change course slightly in the hallway, angling toward me without realizing it. Not surprising, since I was saturated in sweat after fucking Madison senseless down in the dance studio. I probably reeked of cum, too, and Alana was drawn to my musk like a moth to the flame, strolling a few paces behind me as I climbed the staircase toward my next class.

I glanced back at her, admiring her beautiful form as I took my time getting to class. Alana was a senior like Madison, but where Madison was all curves, Alana was tall and fit, like a blonde Swedish goddess — her flaxen hair falling about her gorgeous face in endless golden tresses. I knew she and her family had just gotten back from a vacation in Mexico, so her skin was sun-kissed and golden, and she was showing off a lot of it — cut-off denim shorts, riding up high on her toned, shapely thighs, and a striped spaghetti-strap halter top barely containing her two heaving, DD-cup breasts. Her eyes were a cold, icy blue, her lips plump and pink, and she walked with the grace of a ballet dancer. She was captain of the cheerleading squad, a queen of the senior class, and by all accounts she was an ice-cold bitch. As a lowly freshman, of course, I had never even spoken to her.

Maybe it was the carefree feeling I was enjoying after the mid-afternoon dalliance with Madison. Maybe it was the ideas Stef had been seeding in my head, the notion that I could and should have any woman that I wanted. But on that day I felt a new confidence welling up inside me, and I finally decided to do something about it.

Turning around abruptly in the hallway, I stopped right in Alana's path and she nearly walked right into me.

"Hi," I said, looking her dead in the eyes. A few other girls who had been following me as well looked confused for a moment, then moved on, but Alana froze, staring back at me.

"Uh, sorry, do I know you?" she asked dismissively, crossing her arms in front of her chest. She already looked bored, ready to move on. I wondered how long I could hold her there.

"I'm Miles," I smiled. "I know who you are, Alana. Obviously."

"Uh, great," she said, glancing past me. She looked confused, as if she didn't expect to be in this part of the school. Why would she? She had followed me here unwittingly, as if in a trance.

"So, uh… you're really pretty," I blurted stupidly, unsure of what to say. I just wanted to keep her engaged in conversation. Keep her close, within range of my musk. It would dull her mind, I hoped. Make her malleable. Pliant.

"Gee, that's so nice," she grimaced, looking at me like I was a spider that had crawled

out of her toilet. “Listen, whatever your name is, but I really have to go now…”

“Miles,” I said.

“Hm?” She froze, looked confused. The pheromones were working. She was off-balance.

“My name is Miles,” I said.

“Okay,” she said. But she didn’t move. Didn’t try to walk away.

Kids were bustling by us, hurrying to the next class. I only had a minute or two tops to continue this conversation.

“So do you, like… have a boyfriend?” I asked, stepping closer.

“That’s kind of… none of your fucking business, Miles,” she said, her voice like razors. Her eyes flashed angrily.

“C’mon, you can tell me,” I said, sidling up closer. She looked uncomfortable, aware that I was too close, but it was as if her body would not let her step away.

“No,” she sneered. “Fuck off.”

The bell chimed once, signaling we had a minute left before class started.

“I have to get to class,” she said, turning to go.

“No, wait,” I said sternly, and she stopped in her tracks. I thrilled at the feeling of control as I asserted myself over her. I stepped closer.

“I’ve heard you don’t have a boyfriend. I heard you’re single, but you fucked half the guys on the football team,” I said quietly, looking up into her eyes. She was nearly a head taller than me.

“Who told you that?” she hissed, teeth bared, eyes blazing with blue fire.

“Everybody knows,” I said. “You know how it is with rumors.”

“You little fucking shit,” she spat. “You listen to me—“

“Hold that thought,” I interrupted, holding up a hand to silence her. “I have to get to class. But I’ll see you again tomorrow, Alana. After third period.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” she practically screeched. But I was already turning and walking away, stepping lightly toward my classroom, leaving her standing confused and alone in the hallway as passing period ended.

— — —

I was as good as my word, and Alana and I crossed paths again during passing period after third period the next day. It was Friday, so she was dressed in her cheerleading uniform in advance of the game that night — a white pleated skirt ending just above the knees, and a tight turtleneck that clung to the curves of her ample breasts. As usual, I noticed her following me — mindlessly, blindly led along by the power of my pheromonal musk. When I decided I had gone far enough, I stopped and turned around to face her, surprising her. She looked at me with shock and the first inkling of fear as I made good on my promise to see her again.

“Hello again,” I said casually, strolling up to her with my backpack slung over one shoulder. Some kids passing by gave a suspicious look as they saw *the* Alana Blair talking to a nobody freshman.

“What the… how did you… Where did you come from?” she asked, stumbling over her words. She was blushing deeply, and I smiled.

“I told you I’d see you again,” I said confidently. “You look beautiful today. I like your uniform.”

“Okay, listen kid, I really need to get going,” she said, trying to barge past me.

“Stop,” I commanded, and she obeyed instantly, feet locked in place. So, it was true. Some level of suggestibility when the pheromones had begun to take effect. That was useful.

“Stay with me,” I said. “You don’t have to get to class right now. You can be a little late. Don’t you want to talk?”

“Not really,” she retorted. “Not with some gross little punk like you.”

“C’mon, right over here,” I said, and successfully guided her toward a row of lockers. The hallways were starting to thin out — class was about to begin. The warning bell rang. She looked around nervously, unsure of herself. It was entertaining to see someone so confident, so arrogant, reduced in this way. And it was so easy, too. My pheromones had done most of the work. I just had to give her a little nudge.

We stood together by the lockers and watched the last of the kids scurry to class. We were in the basement, in a secluded part of the school, where no one would be patrolling the halls. Suddenly the bell rang and the last door closed, and we were alone.

“This is crazy,” Alana said. “I shouldn’t be here.”

“Then why *are* you here?” I asked, leaning casually against a locker. “Why did you stay?”

“I… I…” She was speechless, unable to answer.

“It’s okay, Alana. I feel it too,” I said, drawing closer.

“Oh my god, you’re insane,” she said, shaking her head with disbelief. “Kid, what do you think is gonna—“

I leaned in the last few necessary inches and silenced her with a kiss, pressing my mouth to hers. My hand came up, gingerly cupping her chin as I kissed her hard, mouth open. Her eyes were wide with surprise.

I tilted my head and my tongue pushed past hers, and Alana moaned despite herself as the kiss deepened. She withered against me as we made out sloppily, tongues dancing over one another, mouths parting and joining again as she swiftly surrendered to the feelings.

My hand drifted down to her midsection, tracing a line over the curve of one of her breasts, and she shivered. I spread my fingers and groped her once, shamelessly, making her gasp. I broke the kiss.

“Miles,” she murmured, eyes heavy-lidded and sleepy-looking. “I can’t believe you j-just…”

I pawed at her chest, squeezing her tits through the cheerleader uniform, and she bit her knuckle to keep from moaning out loud. Then I was forcing her up against the locker, kissing her hard again, and she was kissing me back, arms locked around my shoulders. Pressed against her, I could feel the burgeoning hardness of my growing erection in between us. I ground it against her thigh, making sure she felt it too, and she shuddered.

I kissed from her plump, pink lips, over her cheek, then down her neck. She was panting, breathing heavily, and I whispered in her ear:

“I’ll see you again on Monday, Alana. I hope you’re looking forward to it.”

Then all at once, I disengaged and pulled away, leaving her trembling and panting against the locker, and I hustled to my next class. I’d be late, but it was worth it.

———

If my suspicions were correct, the sustained exposure to my pheromones would implant a base, instinctual desire in Alana that wouldn’t be sated until I took her and gifted her my cream. And leaving the weekend as a buffer before I could see her again would only cause that desire to increase. There was also the chance, of course, that the effects would simply wear off and she would go back to being regular old bitchy Alana. Either way, I was convinced I could seal the deal next week.

That weekend was a frustrating one for me, too. Both my parents were back in town, and Stef and I had to clean up our act quite a bit. In their absence we'd gotten used to a new status quo in our relationship, but we had to pretend to be just brother and sister again around the house. It was a torturous weekend for all of us, I think, because my parents felt the duty to act parental and spend "quality time" with us, when it was clear they really had no interest in it, and they never had.

Still, I had to spend the day Saturday with my dad — in between business calls, that is. I knew something was up at his job — it was more hectic than usual. Another mega-conglomerate, Frost Enterprises, had made three offers to buy the company out from under my dad in the past year, with him refusing each time. It seemed they were really playing hardball this time.

We went to lunch and then saw a movie together — some bullshit romantic comedy with Sydney Sweeney in it. This proved to be exceptionally difficult, as the image of the young actress and her massive, GG-cup breasts projected on a 75-foot screen had a devastating effect on my libido and I had difficulty concealing my rampant erection from my dad. Humiliating shit. I know Stef wasn't faring much better on her shopping trip with Mom, as she texted me mid-way through the movie:

Wish you were here right now and could just fuck the shit out of me <3

At the end of the weekend, my dad had to catch a car to the airport for a business trip to London, where he'd be for the next week. My mom, meanwhile, was preparing to visit Davos in preparation for the upcoming World Economic Forum. Stef and I said our goodbyes, trying not to seem too thrilled.

If I had known it would be the last time I saw my parents alive, maybe I'd have felt differently. But you can't know the future. You can't know your destiny.

Chapter 14:
Taking Alana

It's safe to say my suspicions about the effects my pheromones would have on Alana were correct. If anything, I underestimated the results.

For the first time during a passing period, *she* found *me.* Not because she was being strung along, subconsciously guided by my musk — but because she sought me out.

"Hey," I heard her voice behind me during passing period and turned. As usual, I was taken aback at first by her beauty. She looked absolutely gorgeous. Her blonde hair fell down to her shoulders, framing her face and her big, beautiful, heavy-lidded ice blue eyes. She had a cute, upturned nose and thick, full, pouting lips, painted bubble-gum pink. Her massive, plushy breasts were stuffed inside a tight, white, low-cut halter top, her impressive cleavage oozing up out of the neckline, tits jiggling and bouncing with

each step. A slim strip of her tan midriff was visible above her figure-hugging, skintight acid-wash jeans, which were torn and distressed dup and down her legs, exposing the smooth, soft flesh of her thighs.

I looked her in the face, fighting the urge to stare straight ahead into her cleavage as she approached me. My cock began firming in my pants almost immediately, recalling the way she'd melted into me when we'd kissed so passionately by the lockers on Friday. My pants felt constrictive and tight, in the stirring early stages of what would soon be a painful erection.

"Hey, uh… what's up?" I asked, playing it cool, not sure what to expect. Alana stepped right up to me in the midst of the crowds flocking to and from class. I felt a prickling on the back of my neck, the anticipation. Alana looked me up and down, her eyes flickering over my average frame. She looked like a goddess stepping down from Olympus, greeting a mere mortal.

"Listen… I shouldn't even be seen talking to some little dork like you," she started nervously, shouldering her backpack. "But… Do you wanna get out of here?"

"You mean… cut class?" I asked. Alana rolled her eyes.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean, twerp. Or did you have something better to do?" Her eyes were a challenge.

I blinked dumbly.

"No, I mean… That's… I can probably… I mean… Do you have a car?"

She rolled her eyes again.

"Oh my god, yes, duh, I have a car, you loser. Are you coming or not?"

I nodded, then followed her as she led us down to the ground floor and out through one of the side exits, toward the parking lot. My eyes were locked on the full, round shape of her ass, the way the jeans hugged her like a second skin, the way the stitching of her back pockets stretched across the sloping expanse of her buttocks. They were torn just below the cleft of her ass-cheek, and my eyes locked on the tanned, naked flesh of her upper thigh as I walked after her.

My phone buzzed in my pocket and I took it out to see a text from Madison in my pocket.

Good morning, Master <3
Meet me in the dance studio, 7th period?

I turned my phone off and jammed it back in my pocket.

— — —

Alana drove a Tesla, and I slid comfortably into the passenger seat beside her, instantly conscious of our closeness. I dropped my backpack at my feet and shut the door as she started the engine, the wide, dash-mounted screen display blinking to life.

“So, uh… where did you wanna go?” I asked. My pulse was racing and I was trying desperately to play it cool.

Alana looked at me askance, incredulous, then leaned over the center console and kissed me hard on the lips, cradling my face gently with one hand. Her plush, pouting lips crushed against my own like pillows, her tongue darting out to dance with mine. Her hand reached around to the back of my head, gripping my hair, and we made out sloppily, hungrily, in the cool, air-conditioned interior of the car. When she finally pulled away, a sloppy bridge of spit dangled between our lips.

“I don’t know what your deal is, Miles,” she said, cold eyes studying me. “I know you’re just a freshman… a nobody… But I can’t go five minutes without thinking about you. I thought I was gonna go fucking crazy this weekend. I almost started texting people asking if they knew your number.”

I thrilled at this admission from the beautiful head cheerleader, a girl three or four years my senior. It had *worked!*

“So listen,” she said flatly. “My dad’s at work, and my mom’s shopping and running errands all day. So do you wanna fuck me or not?”

My swollen balls answered for me, gurgling audibly from within the tight confines of my pants. We both heard it, Alana glancing down to see the massive bulge looming up from my lap, like a humpback whale surfacing from beneath a flat, calm sea. Her eyes stuck on it and she froze, taking in its dimensions, calculating my true size, realizing the scale of it for the first time. She shuddered and swallowed once, then looked back at me with something between fear and wonder in her eyes.

“This is a bad idea, isn’t it?” she asked, her voice small like a little girl confronting the monster under her bed.

I reached out and took her hand, guiding it over toward my ample package. My nuts churned and gurgled as her fingers grasped around my turgid length, rubbing it through my pants, feeling it out.

“Holy fucking shit,” she whispered.

“You can have it,” I breathed. “Right here, right now. In this parking lot.”

She trembled, eyes darting from my face down to my crotch and back again, her fingers feeling the girth, squeezing it, testing its hardness.

“My house isn’t… far,” she managed to squeak out.

“Then we better get going,” I said, smiling.

— — —

Alana’s house was a big, impressive, all-white mansion off Lake Shore Drive, with columns and a portico that gave it a Neo-classical look. Her family was wealthy — old-money wealthy, in another league from my father’s upstart pharmaceutical fortune. The perimeter gate opened and we drove through a small courtyard to park under a broad, ivy-festooned pergola.

Less than a minute later we were in Alana’s bedroom and she was lifting her blouse, her cleavage bulging out of the top of the halter as she brought it up over her toned stomach.

I stood watching her, taking in the room. The walls were coral pink, and a big queen-sized bed stood against the far wall between two broad bays of windows, warm sunlight filtering in through lace curtains. Slatted bifold doors led to a walk-in closet on one side. On the other side, a desk littered with makeup and cosmetics supplies facing a wall-mounted mirror, a deckchair, yoga mat, and a door leading to a spacious *en-suite* bathroom.

My cock was firm and hard in my pants as I stood alone in the bedroom of one of the hottest girls in school. She was stretching the fabric of her crop-tup up around the fullness of her bust, lifting it over her shoulders. Her titties rose with it then bounced back down, encased in a pink-and-white polka-dotted bra that seemed at least a size too small, her breastflesh pouring out over the cups. They jiggled and jostled before settling on her chest as Alana tossed the top away.

“I don’t know what it is about you, Miles… I don’t normally go for dorky guys,” the tall, gorgeous blonde said, walking toward me, swaying her hips alluringly from side to side. Her tits jutted out right in front of my eyes, so massive, so round and full… her cleavage so deep… And that bra, barely hanging on… I felt blood rushing into my cock, hardening it, firming it my pants uncomfortably.

I wasn’t interested in waiting anymore and I reached down to open the button at the front of my pants. I saw Alana shiver with anticipation as I dragged the zipper down, the front of my trousers opening wide as a massive bulge from within push outward, constrained only by a pair of gray cotton briefs, stretching the fabric taut. Alana swallowed hard, looking up into my eyes.

I slipped my fingertips under the elastic waistband of the briefs and pulled them down, letting my pants sag down pat my waist. The boxer briefs had to stretch to get around the trunklike root of my massive cock. It was engorged already, thicker around at the base than my own wrist. Alana stared down in honest shock as I revealed inch after inch

of smooth, veiny, turgid cockmeat.

“How… long…?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“More than a foot, last time I checked,” I said. Attached to my meager frame, of course, it looked even larger. Absurdly large, as if I had a third arm growing out the front of my body.

The thick musky smell of balls wafted through the air as I exposed my heavy, hanging testicles, and then all at once it was free, the jutting erect prick with its bulbous, helmet-shaped glass, deep purple at the tip, strangled by a tight sheath of foreskin. It burst forth from within my underwear like it was spring-loaded, the scent blasting us both in the face — the pungent, copper odor of semen. A translucent pearl of pre-cum bubbled forth from my coin-slot sized piss-slit and Alana involuntarily collapsed to her knees before me like a reverent worshipper witnessing a miracle.

“It’s fucking huge,” the girl said dreamily, kneeling on her bedroom floor before me. “It’s… beautiful…”

“Touch it,” I grunted.

Her hands came up to lock up around the base of the drooling monster cock staring her down. Her fingers couldn’t fully encircle my mighty shaft… it was thicker around than a Coke can. With both hands spread around its girth, her fingertips just barely met at the top of the hot slab of still-hardening meat. The veins pulsed against her fingers, thrumming with virile power.

“Ohh my god,” she breathed, stroking my prick now, her hands making the long journey up from the base to just behind the cockhead, squeezing firmly and returning down again, pulling my foreskin ever tighter around the fat, angry purple helmet. She watched a globule of pearly white pre-cum ooze out of the tip, swelling and drooping under its own weight, milky and thick.

She brought her hand up and smeared it all over my dickhead, coating her palm in sticky, syrupy pre-cum, then fisted my shaft with it, lubricating her jacking with my seed.

I tensed, my cock flexing in her hands, and her eyes widened as with a sudden, audible *spluuuoort*, a jet of searing-hot pre-cum erupted form the tip against her neck and the top of her tits, spurting out of the slit in a finger-thick plume and splattering all over her cleavage. She cooed with delight, shaking her shoulders, jiggling her cum-painted tits for him.

“Auunhh, fuck, it’s so hot,” she moaned.

Alana redoubled her efforts on my shaft, drawing both of her hands up over my spongy, slimy cockhead and slathering them in pre-cum, which burbled forth in heavy pulses now, streaming down my length in rivulets. She brought one hand to her face and

shoved it against her nose, breathing deeply to take in the concentrated scent that wafted off my prick. She sniffed repeatedly, hungrily, like a bloodhound on the trial, eyes rolling back at the thick, heady musk.

“Hnnng,” she moaned. “Whoa…” She swapped hands and sniffed the other while still stroking me firmly, not missing a beat. She shuddered and moaned, licking her palm shamelessly, tongue slipping between the fingers to dig out traces of the acrid, sweaty, all-consuming odor. All the while she jacked me slowly, insistently, lovingly…

I was staring down, past her jacking hands to her bountiful, jiggling tits and the fat, pearlescent line I’d just drawn across her cleavage. Her breasts were absolutely bursting out of the pink polka-dot bra, her creamy flesh overflowing, each stroke on my cum-slick pole jostling the two globes and threatening to set them free once and for all. She noticed where I was looking and smirked.

“Do you like my titties, Miles?” she asked innocently.

My only response was to fire a sudden, powerful jet of pre-cum, lancing up over her neck and splashing down into her cleavage, making a total mess of her chest, zig-zagging sloppy, gooey ropes all over her.

She tossed her wave of golden hair back over her shoulder and tore her hands away from my cock long enough to reach behind her back, unfastening the clasp in the rear of her bra. All at once it fell away, revealing her two perfect, full breasts. I feasted my eyes on them — round and perfect, big and plump, teardrop-shaped, each capped with a blush-pink areola and a puffy, fat nipple. She had stark tan lines, her underboobs a pale milky white in contrast to the healthy tan everywhere else. They seemed even larger freed from the constraints of her bra and Alana let it fall to the floor, shuffling the straps down over her shoulders.

My cock tensed and spit another load of pre-cum all over her naked tits, as if in celebration, claiming them coating them with my sticky pre-seed.

“Holy shit,” she gasped. “You cum so fucking much…”

“I haven’t even started yet,” I bragged, and her jaw dropped.

She took my shaft in hand again and it belched up another gargantuan load of pre-cum directly onto her exposed tits. She aimed my cock down, pressing my dickhead against the wad and smearing it all over her marshmallow-soft tittyflesh, sinking deep into the valley of her cleavage. The head dribbled cream incessantly, painting her, marking her.

Alana grasped her two massive tits from the side and brought them up to embrace my throbbing pole, crushing it between their mass, strangling my cock in her cleavage. She looked up at me, grinning, and began rocking back and forth gently, thrusting her tits up and down along the length of my steely pipe.

She clutched her creamy globes, gripping them, sinking her fingers into their yielding softness, sliding them up and down my slick member, milking my cock gleefully. It felt so thick within her cleavage, so long she couldn't fully cover it even with her mammoth titties. She squeezed hard, pumping them up and down, her fat tits slapping against my hips with a repeating *plap.. plap... plap...*

"How's that?" she asked sweetly.

"Good girl," I said, caressing the side of her face. "So fuckin' good…"

Alana paused her tits near their apex and then pushed down, squeezing hard, watching the bulging cock-crown emerge from the airtight cleft of her cleavage, until the fat teardrop shapes of her breasts squashed against my thighs and piled up over her grasping hands. The friction of her downward titty-thrust had peeled my foreskin back, revealing the full, beet-red tip, the angry-looking ridged glans. She saw a welcome glob of pre-cum forming at the tip. Without thinking, she dipped down and pressed her tongue flat against my cockhead, and I gasped.

"Mmnnhhhh, I never do this," she said, moaning around my swollen prick-helmet. "But something about you, Miles… You just make me... so hot..."

Her eyes fluttered as she tasted my sticky, syrup-thick pre-cum, and she lapped up from under the bulbous, sensitive head, her tongue diving into my piss-slit, questing, searching, scooping more pre-coital fluid out, causing my hips to buck with unconstrained rapture.

"I knew you were a fucking slut," I sneered.

"That's right," she replied, eyes heavy-lidded and sultry. "I'll be your slut, baby..."

She sank lower, tongue slathering around the circumference of my cockhead. She hugged her breasts hard, drawing my cock up in a sweet embrace, and tongued along the rim of the foreskin, savoring the tangy, potent flavor. My cock trembled and jetted a beam of white-hot pre-cum right into her mouth, splattering over her tongue and collecting in the back of her throat in a mucusy wad. She tilted her head back and gargled the cum-gift sloppily before swallowing with happy, satisfied gulps. When it was done, she opened her mouth proudly, sticking out her tongue and wagging it back and forth to show she had swallowed it all. Then, like a woman possessed, she hunched back down to latch her lips onto my prick, her cheeks going concave as she sucked me furiously, thirsty for more.

"You fucking stuck-up bitch," I smiled. "Suck that shit… Do it…"

Her pink lips spread as she opened her mouth wide to take my dickhead fully into her mouth, but try as she might, Alana couldn't quite fit her mouth around my apple-sized cockhead. Her tongue flicked pathetically against the tip, drawing out a near-constant stream of gushing, milky hot pre-cum. She gurgled on it, swallowing dutifully, but she

couldn't take me any farther.

She reached around and hugged my waist, pulling herself forward, grunting like an animal as she speared her own face with my cock. Her jaw opened wider, impossibly wide... the flanged collar of my cockhead catching at her teeth and squeezing past. But she didn't stop there... she craned her head forward, gagging and spluttering on my cockshaft as it reached the precipice of her throat. Her jism-coated tits fell away and bounced down as she let them go, focusing only on taking more of my incredible, thick, long hard cock down her throat.

"You think you're so fucking hot, huh?" I asked, spearing her face. "Well, now you're mine, queen bitch…"

She gurgled uncontrollably, spitting and drooling over the rigid, hot length poised before her face... before leaning forward, letting it sink down inch by inch, swallowing me, letting me claim her throat. I surged at the feeling of incredible moist tightness, her throat a constricting sleeve, and I pissed a long, hot beam of pre-cum straight down her esophagus and into her stomach. The girl let out a muffled whimper, eyes trained upward, mouth stuffed with cockmeat, her face a lewd caricature.

"Gluuaarrrkkk," she croaked as my dick burrowed further down her throat. "Hhhrrrkkk..."

The outline of my glans was visible in her slender neck as she swallowed me, a bulge just below her jaw, and she kept going and going, until I was hilted in her throat, her cute nose crushed against my pelvis, her chin sinking into my fat, swollen ballsack. She gurgled and gasped pathetically, choked by my rampaging prick-meat. I caressed her face lovingly as she hitched and spasmed lewdly around my cock, deeply embedded down her gullet.

She pulled back, my cock extricating halfway out of her mouth, her lips clinging wetly to its length, dredging up thick gouts of throat-slime that dripped down her chin and onto her tits in a viscous river of spit and pre-cum that ran down into her cleavage. Then she dove back down, beginning an insistent face-fucking rhythm. She planted her hands on my thighs to steady herself, sliding her face up and down my pole, her lips stretched tightly around the shaft like the elastic base of a condom. Her gagging and gulping devolved into a lewd, repeating refrain of *glukk-glukk-glukk-glukk-glukk* as she bobbed up and down, up and down, my cockhead jackhammering again and again down her tight throat.

"You thought you were better than me, huh?" I seethed. "Well what do you think now, with my dick down your throat, retard?"

She blubbered and spit sloppily all over my shaft, saliva drooling out, frothy throat slime coating my dick as I plundered her throat again and again and again. My huge, fist-sized balls pulsed and boiled as I spurted another long burst of syrupy pre-spunk down her throat. I felt an orgasm building within me, a moment fast approaching when the feelings of pleasure would become too great, overwhelming me, sweeping us both away

in the tidal wave rush of climax.

Alana stabbed her face with my cock, swallowing my entire 12-inch length over and over again, rocking her head forward and back, forward and back... And now she was reaching up, aiding the oral worship with her hands, jacking me powerfully as she throated me, her fingers slipping and sliding over my spit-slick, vein-riddled length.

Shards of ecstasy lanced through my body as I watched the beautiful senior girl, someone way out of my league, breathe deeply and force herself down, swallowing the full length of my shaft until her face was buried in my crotch, nose squashed against my pelvis, lips stretched to their max.

Looking up at me with sultry, heavy-lidded eyes, Alana drew herself back, slowly disgorging most of the length of my dripping, slime-coated prick from between her lips... then rocked forward, taking me balls-deep once again. I sighed and rested my hand on top of her head, sinking into her mane of blonde hair, but I didn't have to apply any pressure... she was doing all the work herself, eagerly fucking her face with my massive tool, *glucking* and *glurking*, gagging on my pole.

She drove herself down, throating me fully, keeping my cock lodged deep inside of her, smashing her face against my crotch. Her whole body shook and trembled as she held me deep, sputtering like a broken lawn-sprinkler all over the root of my prick, looking up with wide, worshipful eyes. She hitched and shrugged, fighting her body's instinctual response, her lust overpowering common sense as she gulped around my turgid shaft, the constricting pleasure beyond words, beyond belief, driving me inexorably toward...

"Oh fuck," I said, craning my head back in ecstasy. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna..."

She gasped as she felt my cock swell within her throat, feeling thicker than a pool noodle. There was an ominous gurgling from within my shaft and the feeling of something rushing through my prick, like a sewer pipe blockage suddenly crumbling and being swept away in the forthcoming rush. Then, the deeply embedded knob of my cock, positioned deep down her throat, near the entrance to her stomach, simply... exploded.

The sound was audible, a sickening *splluuurrrrgggt* as the first blast escaped. Her throat stretched out like a bullfrog's as an ungodly amount of hot, chowdery spunk pumped directly into her. She swallowed valiantly, feeling chunky, near-solid gobs of cum splurting into her stomach, coiling on top of one another…

Her hands clutched at my hips, holding on for dear life as I pumped into her, cumming again and again and again, each dull *splluuuooorrtt* accompanied by the frantic sounds of her gulping and gagging. Her icy blue eyes looked up into mine, and I stared back down at her coldly, locked in the throes of my orgasm. She felt her trim, flat stomach bulge outwards as each heavy burst deposited more than a full cup of simmering, gummy- thick cum-load in her belly. Again... and again... and again.

"Glllrp glp glblbl gkk," she gulped and guzzled and chugged my cum willingly,

submissively, each blast jetting into her belly forcefully... dense, clotted ropes piling on one another.

She choked as cum audibly gurgled up from deep in her throat and spilled from the corners of her mouth. She coughed and twin streams of white sperm burst from her nostrils, running down over her face. Slowly, she began to pull back, gradually extracting my cock from its place her gullet, like prying a nail out of a wooden board, her throat muscles squeezing out more and more of the sweet, semi-solid cum spurts. Even as she relented and drew my shaft back out of her sucking, slurping mouth, my prick was still spasming and cumming hard like a firehose, blasting gouts of cream right into her mouth directly.

Alana leaned back and let me fill her mouth, hanging off the end of my prick, passively letting me drown her in my heavy, thick nut. My fist-sized cocktip lurched in her mouth and deposited a jelly-like cum worm that coiled in the back of her throat, before another piled over that, followed by another, and another, and another... until her mouth was full and brimming and her cheeks bulged out like a chipmunk's.

Gripping my cock with one fist, I pulled out and came hard on her face. I groaned, my hips thrust forward, and a thick squirt fountained onto the right side of her face, leaving a heavy, gooey rope running from her forehead down, over her eye, to just below her nose. I jerked my cock madly over her pretty face, even as she held an egregious mouthful of my chunky, clumpy cream in her cheeks. Fat ropes of sperm, pearly white in color, began to loop out all over Alana's features, sticking exactly where they landed, too thick and gluey to even drip down her face. The strands were too heavy to fly very far, but in moments I had spewed ten or twelve thick ropes all over her, until the gorgeous high school girl was an unrecognizable mess, her face plastered.

Alana opened her mouth, letting the bounty of cum held within spill down her chin, dripping heavily onto her naked tits in a lumpy, chowdery avalanche. Even still, I was cumming my final spurts directly back into her yawning mouth, filling her up again, and she gargled the fresh cream, tongue swishing it around sloppily, pursing her lips and spitting it back up all over herself.

"Holy fuckin' shit," she said when he had finished, eyes glued shut as I stroked out a final few clotted cum curds onto her cheeks. "You cum so fuckin' much... I've never seen anything like it..."

"Listen to me now, Alana," I said, reaching down, sinking my hand into her blonde hair and gripping her tight. "You're mine now, do you understand? Mine to have, whenever I want. You belong to me. I am your Master, and you're my little cum-slut fuck-slave."

Alana cooed, and something told me she enjoyed the way I yanked her hair painfully. She knelt before me complacently, cum dripping down her face, her eyes plastered shut, as she pursed her lips and answered:

"Yes, Master…"

Fuck yes. My cock ejected a final celebratory spurt of cream, dousing her tits, and I released her hair, letting her slump down, breathing heavily. She began diligently collecting the leftover cream on her face, scooping it up, feeding it into her mouth robotically, gulping and swallowing, eager to sate her now insatiable hunger-lust for my sperm. My nuts churned and burbled as I watched her, the sight hugely erotic.

"Yes, Master," she repeated mindlessly between heaping mouthfuls of dense, wriggling cum-jelly. "Yes, Master… Yes, Master…"

In that moment of pure ecstasy and triumph, we both heard a door slam downstairs, and footsteps in the foyer.

"Alana? Baby, are you home?" A woman's voice called up the stairs.

Chapter 15:
Mrs. Blair

Alana's eyes snapped open, gloops of cum still dripping down over her eyelashes.

"Shit, that's my mom," she hissed. "She can't find you here!"

I froze, terrified, as Alana sprung into action, crawling over to her discarded halter-top, using it to hurriedly wipe swaths of my heavy cream off her face and jiggling tits. I watched, fascinated, undeniably aroused by the sight. My cock was still hard… it hadn't lost any of its rigidity in the aftermath of climax, and it jutted straight out from my hips, still drooling post-orgasmic after-loads onto Alana's bedroom floor.

"What should I…?" I turned, hearing high heels clicking downstairs on the tile floors of the foyer, approaching the grand staircase I knew led up to the second-floor landing.

"Alana? Sweetie?"

"Get in the closet!" Alana whispered hoarsely, gesturing toward the slatted bifold doors at the far side of the room. I scurried over awkwardly, pants around my knees, cock swinging in front of me side to side. I opened the closet door as quietly as I could and slipped inside, sinking between Alana's assorted hanging dresses and tops. It was a deep closet, the back wall lined with shoes, and the smell inside was fresh and feminine, a scent I briefly enjoyed before closing the door behind me, careful not to shut my own jutting cock in it.

I stood still, breathing slowly, careful not to make any noise or rattle the hangers in the closet. Through he slits in the closet door, I could see Alana's room clearly, and watched as the senior cheerleader continued wiping her face off, cleaning it of my heavy cream. Her top had been fully soaked and saturated by this point, so she tossed it away and grabbed a T-shirt, using it to scoop the remaining heavy dollops of cum off her tits, cleaning them hurriedly, lifting first one heaving breast then he other, letting them flop back onto her chest in turn. The sight was hugely erotic and I felt an

involuntary throb rush through my cock, pre-cum spurting out onto the inside of the closet door.

“Alana? I saw your car outside, is everything okay?” Her mom’s voice was drawing nearer, as I heard her walking up the staircase.

“I’m in here, Mom!” Alana called, tossing the cum-soaked T-shirt onto a pile of laundry near her hamper in the corner. “I was just… I didn’t feel good, so I took the day off!”

All at once, Alana’s mother was there, standing in the doorway, and I caught my breath at her appearance.

Lori Blair shared a striking resemblance to her daughter — tall, statuesque, curvaceous, with a bob of shimmering gold hair that framed her beautiful face. She had the same sharp features, the same icy blue eyes and thick, dark eyelashes, the same cute upturned nose and pouting, plump pink lips. But the contrast between Alana’s younger, more toned form, and her mother’s soft, inviting, pillowy figure was immediately apparent.

Lori was just… thicker. There was no other way to say it. Alana had a tight, tanned, athletic body, but her mother was a walking MILF wet dream. Her hips were fleshy and full, flaring out from her waist in rounded, sloping curves, and her big, juicy ass-cheeks jutted out behind her like a shelf. Her tits… Good lord, her tits. They were larger than her daughters, larger than Madison’s, larger even than Stefanie’s. Massive an heavy-looking, each bigger than her own head, I estimated they were… HH-cup, at least. Two massive, beach-ball sized mammaries stuffed into the front of her low-cut floral sundress, barely contained, bulging and oozing up out of the plunging neckline.

“Jesus, Mom, I’m not dressed!” Alana snapped, turning her back to the door and snatching up her discarded bra, shrugging it up onto her shoulders again and hurriedly clasping it behind her back.

“What’s that… smell?” her mother asked, taking a tentative step into the room. I held my breath, freezing every muscle, desperate not to make sound.

“I don’t know,” Alana said, projecting the attitude of a sassy teenager. “Dirty laundry?”

“No, it’s not that…” The older woman breathed deeply, sniffing the air. She glanced around.

Alana turned around, stuffing her fat breasts back into her bra cups, looking at her mom expectantly.

“Alana… it stinks like sex in here,” Lori said, planting a hand on her wide hip. “Have you had a boy over?”

“What?” Alana laughed. “No! I just got home. I told you, I wasn’t… feeling well.”

Lori looked over and spotted my backpack by the door.

“Is that your bookbag?” she asked, cocking her head to the side.

“Oh, uh… that?” Alana gulped. “No, that’s uh… my friend Vicky’s. She gave it to me, um, because she had… uh… debate practice, and she needed me to…”

But her mom was already distracted, sniffing and looking around the room. She looked right at the pile of laundry, the cum-soaked top and T-shirt, then back at her daughter.

“Uh-huh,” she said, unconvinced by Alana’s clumsy excuse. “And what’s this?”

She stepped forward, noticing a droplet of white cream at the corner of her daughter’s mouth… the last trace of cum Alana had missed in her frantic, desperate face-scrubbing moments ago. Without asking, she reached out with a finger and swiped it off her daughter’s lips.

“Jesus Christ, Mom!” Alana recoiled as her mother brought the finger up to her face, inspecting the clumpy wad of sickly off-white jism.

“What *is* this?” Lori asked again, sniffing it, pinching it between her fingers. Then, as I watched from behind the slatted bifold doors of the closet, the older woman stuck her finger in her mouth and sucked hard, slurping indelicately. Alana stiffened, eyes wide as she watched her mom taste my leftover cum-load, but it was too late to stop her. Lori moaned quietly, eyes rolling back in her head at the rich, potent flavor, and she slurped noisily on her own fingers until she had sucked them clean.

“Ffffuck,” she breathed, finally letting her fingers slip from between her lips, breathing heavily, cheeks blushing. “Is that… was that…?”

Alana simply stood, horrified, watching her mom tremble with pleasure at the taste of my cream.

“Alana,” the older woman said finally, recovering. “You know… what I’ve told you… about bringing boys in here.”

“Mom, I didn’t…” But her mother shushed her, silencing her by placing a single finger over the girl’s plump lips.

“Hush, baby,” Lori breathed, eyes heavy-lidded. “Tell me, is he still here? Where is he hiding?”

She looked around the room, sniffing like a bloodhound, as if she might be able to detect me just from scent alone. As I watched, she turned and took a few steps toward Alana’s *en-suite* bathroom, then she zeroed in on the hamper and the pile of soiled clothing, sniffing inquisitively. She paced over to it and bent down, fat ass sticking out behind her, straining against the fabric of the floral sundress… and retrieved the T-shirt Alana had used to clean the ropes of cum off her tits.

We both held our breath as Lori slowly rose, cradling the shirt in her hands delicately. Even from my vantage point on the opposite side of the room, I could tell it was absolutely soaked through with jism, lined with heavy cream, dripping down onto the floor. The cum had collected in a thick, steaming puddle amidst the folds of fabric, and as Lori held it I was reminded of the time I had watched my sister furtively from right outside my bedroom door, as she sucked a load of my cum out of my discarded underwear.

The room was still, both of us watching Lori was she inspected the soiled T-shirt. Cum and sperm-gunk oozed over her hands and she breathed in strangled gasps, trembling. She lifted the balled-up T-shirt and sniffed it once, inquisitively, then shuddered, moaning lightly. I was incredulous. I knew the potency of my pheromones, the mind-altering potential, but I had never watched its power take hold in real time quite like this. Adding to the thrill was the fact that Lori was an older woman, mature and adult, but my musk was affecting her much the same way it had Alana, and Madison, and Stefanie. This proved my powers could work on any woman.

“Alana,” Lori mumbled, not looking at her daughter. “What…?”

And then she sank her face into the T-shirt, slurping and smacking her lips as she hungrily feasted on my leftover cream-load. She moaned as she sucked the cream from the fabric, drinking up the puddle of gunk, digging in like a pig at the trough, huffing and snorting.

“Mom… what the fuck…?” Alana cast a worried glance back over her shoulder at the bifold closet doors, where I hid, watching this all play out. Another hapless female falling victim to my pheromone powers, my addictive cum. My cock pulsed as I realized what was about to happen, the imminent debauchery. Mother and daughter… I smiled.

Even as I hid in the closet, I felt a dark rush of lust coursing through my body as a mature, bimbo-bodied MILF sampled my seed. My prick, retaining all its hardness through it all, quaked and trembled, drooling pre-cum heavily.

All at once, Lori dropped the T-shirt, looking up with wild eyes, her lips and chin smeared and dappled with my leftover cum.

“Where is he, Alana?” she demanded, stepping forward. “Where the fuck is he?”

When her daughter didn’t answer, Lori sniffed the air, looking back and forth, eyes finally settling on the closet.

“Ah,” she said, strutting over toward the slatted bifold doors until she stood right in front of them, her massive, round tits taking up almost the entirety of my vision. She reached down and opened the bifold doors wide.

I instinctively tried to sink back deeper into the closet, back past the hanging tops and dresses, rattling the hangers slightly, but it was no use. I was discovered.

Lori's jaw dropped as she looked down and saw for the first time the tree-trunk-thick length of cock sprouting from my crotch, aiming toward her like a shotgun. Thicker than her own wrist, longer than her forearm… with a big, fat, bruise-colored head choked by a fleshy collar of foreskin, drooling and oozing gloopy cords of pre-cum all over her daughter's closet floor.

"Holy *shit,*" Lori said, stumbling back, her breasts jiggling and wobbling as she gasped, bringing a hand up to cover her mouth in shock. I just stood, cock jutting out, pointing accusingly up at at her. As she watched, I gathered a handful of oozing pre-cum and slathered my cock-shaft with it, dragging my fist down over the veiny, turgid length.

Just a few short months ago, I had been a naive and inexperienced boy, living through the nightmare of high school just like most kids my age. If I had still been that boy when Lori opened the closet doors, I probably would have burst out crying or run from the room. But with my newfound powers, I had gained a confidence and self-assuredness that allowed me to take command of the situation. I had fucked the Homecoming queen and stolen her from her boyfriend. I had made my gorgeous twin sister into my own personal fuck-slut. And I had busted my load down the head cheerleader's throat and made her call me "Master." Now… I was going to fuck her mom, too.

"I've never seen a cock that big in my fucking life," the MILF breathed, then blushed, glancing up nervously into my eyes, as if she hadn't intended to say that out loud. "Who… who *are* you?"

"Mom… this is Miles," Alana said, watching nervously as I stared down her mother. "He's…

"I am your Master," I said, stroking myself slowly, stepping out of the closet toward Lori. "Your daughter belongs to me now, just as you soon will. You've tasted my cream already… You know the pleasure I can give you. The ecstasy."

"Hey, wait, no," Alana said. "Miles, what are you doing?"

"Shut up, slut," I commanded, and Alana instantly froze, eyes wide with terror.

Her mother, meanwhile, was clearly falling under my control as well, the rank smell of my musk making her docile and sedate. It was as if she was in a trance, mesmerized by my proud, powerful erection, looming up out of the closet. Her eyes were locked on my prick, her lips slightly parted as she breathed in short, shallow, ragged gasps.

"Mom…" Alana whispered. "What are you…?"

If Lori heard her daughter, she didn't acknowledge it. The familiar effects of my pheromones were taking hold, and we stood still, eyes locked don each other, possessed by an unspoken, powerful magnetic attraction.

"Mom… c'mon," Alana whimpered pathetically.

My mind was awash in lustful, lewd thoughts… my eyes on the deep valley of Lori's cleavage, her enormous mommy-milkers straining against the thin material of her sundress, begging to be set free.

"Stop looking at him like that," Alana pleaded, growing more frustrated as she lost control of the situation. "Mom. *Mom!*"

"Did my daughter suck that big dick of yours?" Lori asked, ignoring her. "Did you blow your wad all over her face, you nasty little boy?"

"Uh-huh," I said, stepping forward, my fist stroking up and down along my thick, vein-riddled girth.

"Did you cum all over her big tits?" Lori asked hotly.

"Uh-huh," I repeated, eyes level, nodding. Jerking myself slowly… so slowly…

"Do you like… big tits?" She asked, suggestively stroking the side of one of her massive, round mammaries through her dress.

Incredible. It really was this easy. Alana was a slut, and so was her big-titted mom. She was mine already, even if she didn't know it yet. Tasting my cream had sealed her fate. Nothing was going to stop me now.

"Show me," I ordered her, and Lori immediately complied.

She reached up, pinching the front of her low-cut sundress, and opened it wide, straps falling off her shoulders. Her two massive, fat tits exploded out of the front and burst free, expanding to their full, unconstrained size, bouncing an jostling wildly on her chest. So much larger than her daughter's, but still firm, shapely, buoyant. Round and perfect, big and plump, seemingly resistant to gravity itself as they sat high and proud on her chest. Tanned in the same way as her daughter's, the pale outline of the skimpy bikini she'd worn on her recent vacation still evident, something about that sight making my cock stiffen painfully. Each gargantuan mound capped by pink, dinner-plate-sized areolas, thumb-like nipple buds pointing up proudly above the descending slopes of her titanic, white, creamy underboobs.

I stepped forward and before she knew it, my face was in her cleavage, sinking into the pillowy flesh of her bosom. I mauled her breasts, swiping my face back and forth across the two mountainous globes, enjoying the softness of her yielding titlfesh, the silky feeling against my cheeks.

"Mom… what the *fuck?*" Alana screeched, but her mother and I were beyond caring.

Lori chewed her fat pink lower lip, looking down at me as I began to nip, bite and lick her exposed, udder-like tits. I groaned in lust and she echoed me with a meek, muffled moan. My hands came up and began to grope her, squeezing and kneading her bounteous breasts, and she trembled, letting it happen, letting herself be used by a boy

20 years younger than she was. Flesh poured over my face and hands in an avalanche of pure white titmeat, her pert, perfect breasts bouncing with an impressive weight and jiggling around my face as I lost myself amongst them.

I opened my mouth and let flesh spill in, devouring one massive mound, sucking in as much soft, downy titflesh between my lips as I could. I could only take in her nipple and a little more than one areola before my mouth was stuffed completely full, the bulk of the rest of her swelling, jiggling tit still draped over my face.

I sucked and slurped, nursing on her, looking up into her eyes as I enjoyed the aroused stiffness of her puffy nipple. My tongue danced over the nub, flicking it, lapping at it… and she melted in pleasure, tilting her head back and stifling a deep, wanton moan by biting her knuckle, hard.

I spit out her heavy tit, watching it jostle and bounce, coated in a sheen of my saliva, before I sank my face into the other one, smiling widely and humming in pleasure as I squashed it against her chest. My face disappeared entirely into the bulging mass of titlfesh and Lori whimpered, thrusting her chest out, presenting herself for my free use. I felt her rubbing her fat thighs together subconsciously, stoking the fires of arousal in her loins.

I dragged my tongue all over the milky white surface of her tit, around the edge of her blush-pink areola, over the nubbin of her swollen, lewdly protruding nipple. My hands rose to cup each massive mammary, heaps of flesh spilling over my fingers as I gripped her. Lori mewled weakly as I groped her shamelessly, kneading and pulling the pliant titflesh. I pawed her like a whore, squeezing and contorting her naked breasts, pancaking them together, then watching them bounce back to their perfect shape... My fingers pinched her nipples and she barely contained a squeal. I jiggled her titties, making them bounce wildly, then squeezed them together, forming a wall of cleavage, and buried my head between them once again, nipping and licking ravenously, biting into the mounds of soft flesh that piled upon my face, suffocating me. My moans of appreciation were muffled by her two oversized, all-natural MILF tits, and I pulled her close, hugging her tight as I happily feasted, my hard cock driving straight into her thigh.

My hands crept around her wide hips to find her big, fat ass, squeezing it hard through the silky material of her dress. I ground my cock up against her thigh as I lost myself in her cleavage, hips bucking against her again and again in an unrestrained show of arousal, Lori shuddering at the display of incredible virility, the unmistakable swelling of man-cock... iron-hard, like a girder or a gun barrel, driving into her leg... a constant, insistent pressure.

“Mommy,” Alana said, weeping now as she watched her own mother submit to the well-hung boy she had brought into their house. “You can’t... he’s mine...”

I reached up and sank my hand into Lori’s blonde bob of hair, gripping her tightly. Then, with my eyes locked on Alana’s, I pushed her mother down, forcing her to her knees. Lori complied with little resistance, slowly sinking into a submissive kneeling position. Her dress fell around her waist, resting on her broad, matronly hips. Her shapely legs

folded on themselves, meeting her waist in curvaceous hillocks of flesh, the fat of her upper thighs bulging outward.

I waved my cock like a wand before her face and she followed it, head nodding and flicking to the sides with each movement like a dog following a bone. Her eyes were heavy-lidded and dull, and I could hear her breathing deeply, inhaling more and more of my intoxicating scent, hopelessly lost to it now.

“Miles…” Alana grimaced through tears, watching her mother reduced to a common whore right before her eyes. “Please… don’t do this…”

“I told you already to call me Master,” I said as her mother dumbly sniffed at my throbbing pole. “Now get on your knees, you dumb bitch.”

“Yes, Master,” she whimpered, sinking into a kneeling position behind her mother at once.

“Show your daughter what those big titties are for,” I smirked, and Lori nodded complacently.

The mother gathered her huge, heavy breasts in her hands, scooting forward and hefting them in order to embrace my throbbing pole. She squeezed them around my cock, my member thick and diamond-hard between her two pillowy breasts, disappearing into a seemingly bottomless canyon of cleavage. She rocked back and forth with her tits squashed around my dick, crushing it, clutching at her creamy globes, gripping them, sinking her fingers into the squishy softness, sliding them up and down my slick member, milking my prick with her enormous mammaries.

I sighed as the second Blair woman in less than an hour fell to her knees before me, a fantasy beyond anything I’d have entertained even a few months ago. Alana was unattainable, the perfect blonde senior cheerleading captain, but her mother… she was bigger, better, softer, more womanly in every way.

With my cock fully enmeshed in her cleavage, Lori craned her neck down to suck and slurp on the beet-red cockhead. Her tits were so big and voluminous that her face dipped directly into her own soft breastflesh, and she hunched down with her lips latched onto the end of my prick, her cheeks concave as she sucked hard, moaning in pleasure at the flavor. Her titties smashed around the jutting length of my cock in a tight embrace, and she developed a rhythm, titty-fucking me in short, insistent thrusts with her basketball-sized tits as she sucked me mindlessly, slavishly.

I rewarded her with a pulsing jet of white-hot cum, splashing heavily into the back of her throat, and she moaned with a profound appreciation, swallowing greedily, tongue rimming the underside of my glans, questing for more, amplifying my pleasure.

“Over here, now,” I commanded Alana, and the helpless girl obeyed, scooting over beside her mother, face meek and submissive. “Lose the bra.”

Alana reached back to unclasp her bra once again, shrugging it off her shoulders, letting her own beautiful, fulsome titties bounce free.

“You can’t… c-can’t…” she whimpered, realizing my intent.

“I can do anything I want,” I said, as Lori continued dutifully titfucking me. “Get in there. Press your tits against your mother’s.”

Alana gave me a look of pure despair but she complied, pressing up against her mother and squashing her own tits into her mother’s larger set. All four breasts bulged lewdly as they were pressed together tightly between he two women’s bodies. Lori and Alana turned to face each other, kneeling before me face-to-face, breasts slipping and sliding against each other, pinning my cock in the airtight double-cleavage between hem. The sight was hugely erotic and wildly depraved… a mother and daughter engaging in incestuous acts of worship and submission.

I reared back and thrust forward, fucking into the canyon of cleavage between the two women, mother and daughter. I held each of them by their shoulders, keeping them crushed together as I humped in and out of the airtight, jelly-wobbling fuck-tunnel between their bodies, a heavy, meaty, jiggling mass. My hips clapped against the sides of their protruding, fat breasts with a repeating *plapp-plapp-plapp-plapp* as I fucked their tits all at once, the girls’ erect nipples running up and down my shaft, slipping and sliding over the engorged, cable-thick veins, catching on the ridged helmet of the cockhead, adding to the friction, amplifying my pleasure as I speared my cock forward, again and again.

My cock disappeared into the wall of cleavage and the two women heard — and felt — a hot pulse of pre-cum as I spurted deep between them. I withdrew, my shaft sticky and slimy with spunk, then drove back in, my cock making a lewd, wet *schlik*k*-schlikk-schlikk* sound as I fucked their cum-lubricated cleavage. My thrusts went wild, cock slipping in and out, back and forth, hammering against the sides of their titties, spewing a constant stream of thick, syrupy pre-cum that bubbled up like magma from beneath the earth, pooling on top of their breasts, seeping out of the crevices of their cleavage and drooling down the sides of their bulging, heaving breasts. The sounds coming from between their tits were sloppy, squelching and gross — *fluurrrpp, gluuuurrrkkk, squuuurrkkk* — and the girls moaned and gasped as their tits were fucked roughly and doused with searing-hot, steaming pre-cum.

“H-holy fucking shit,” Lori breathed. “So much fucking cummm...”

I reached down and grasped the women by the back of their heads and drove their faces together, forcing them to kiss as I fucked their tits. Their plump, pouting, bimbo lips pressed together and each of them groaned in resistance, but I kept them locked together. Eventually Alana tilted her head and opened her mouth, pushing her tongue past the older woman’s lips, moaning in spite of herself as the incestuous kiss deepened. It quickly devolved into a sloppy make-out session, and Alana’s eyelids fluttered as she drove her tongue into her own mother’s mouth, sucking and smacking

on her lips noisily.

Lori's tongue acted on its own, moving to tangle and dance with the tongue of her daughter. They made out with lewd, wet, slurping noises as they almost seemed to feed on one another, hot breath seething out of their nostrils. Alana's tongue flicked against her mother's, probing her mouth, slathering over her teeth and lips.

I felt myself surge with lust, watching the two women complying with my wishes, sucking each other's lips sloppily, wantonly, making out in a gross perversion of their mother-daughter relationship. I realized *I* had done this to them, I was responsible...

This profound realization sent white-hot lances of pleasure stabbing through my body and my cock dispatched an extra large load of pre-cum into the valley of endless cleavage. I was close, very close... Nearing the edge, the moment when I would cross the line and blow another powerful load all over these two big-titted blonde sluts.

"So fuckin' hot..." Alana mumbled, looking up at me with glassy, heavy-lidded eyes.

"Want... your cum," Lori said dumbly, drooling on herself.

I squashed them together, crushing my shaft between their bulging breasts, and then simply let myself cross the line, glorious release rushing over me again, the transcendent feeling of orgasm as I gifted the women with my cum-load.

There was a muffled *spluurttt* sound from deep within the canyon of their quad-cleavage, then it burbled up like crude oil from the Texas ground and exploded upward in looping, geysering volleys. Cum seeped up from their cleavage and burbled out the other side of their squashed wall of tittyflesh, coating them completely. Lancing stabs of ecstasy coursed through my body and I hitched, thrusting against them, my hips slapping wetly against soft, pillowy breastflesh as I disgorged an inhuman amount of steaming, white-hot, chowdery chunky boy-jism.

They moaned like animals, a chorus of wordless humming and grunts, appreciating the hot, wet bursts of cream against their skin as I unloaded all over their tits. They worked to squash and contain my flexing, lurching prick, but their tits were sloppy and slippery, sliding all over my shaft with slick, wet sucking sounds as I erupted again, and again, and again.

I sank my hands into the girls' hair and slowly pulled them apart... Their puffy, pouting lips separated slowly, still connected by sloppy strands of saliva... and then their tits parted as well, wetly, with a squelching, sticky sound. Their breasts were still visibly glued together by my thick cum, the Blair girls' ample chests still tethered by thick, lumpy, chunky cords of sickly, off-white cream.

"Lie back, Alana," I commanded.

"Yes, Master," she replied breathily. "Yes…"

She was already obeying me, leaning back and laying on the carpeted floor, legs spreading for me invitingly, her tits plastered in a latticework of creamy jism.

I was close to the moment now, I realized, when I would finish the job and subvert both of these two blonde sluts to my will, permanently.

There was only one last thing to do.

Chapter 16:
Mother/Daughter

“You... get on top of her,” I said, jerking my massive prick, taking full command of the situation.

Head bowed, Lori complied willingly, crawling forward and straddling her daughter’s body, her fat tits slipping and sliding over her, smushing against Alana’s own sizable pair. They stared into each other’s eyes.

The sight was hugely erotic — Lori’s big, fat ass looming right in front of me — and I reached forward to flip up her sundress, exposing her naked, tan-lined ass-cheeks. She wore lacy, sky-blue panties that sank deeply into her ass-crack, and I admired the way her buttocks sloped up from the small of her back — two luscious hillocks of flesh, flaring out from her narrow waist, descending into thick, luxurious thighs...

I moved closer, hands reaching out to caress and squeeze each massive ass-cheek. Twin hemispheres of bouncy, toned flesh rose like a sunrise from her waist, sumptuous and fat. I jerked myself steadily, my cock belching up fat ropes of pre-cum that criss-crossed the beautiful mother’s ass-cheeks, dripping down her crack.

My hand gripped my jutting cock and jerked up and down feverishly, sliding up and down the spit-and-cum smeared pole with a lewd *schlikk-schlikk schlikk* sound. I felt my balls rumbling and my cock tensed then dispatched a looping rope of pre-cum that shot up over Lori’s back, staining her sundress.

I took my place between Alana’s legs, but she was still wearing her torn, frayed acid-wash jeans. I reached down and unbuttoned them hurriedly, then jerked them down over her curvaceous hips, exposing pink-and-white polka-dotted panties that matched her long-discarded bra. I slid her jeans down her long, shapely legs and she helped me, kicking them off her feet. Then, in a hurried, frenzied act I found greatly arousing, she reached down and simply pulled her panties to the side, exposing the puffy pink lips of her drooling, shaven snatch.

Looking down at the naked expanse of Lori’s full, firm white ass... and below that, Alana’s slimmer hips, her drooling cunt, her flat, toned stomach... I moved forward and my cock hiccuped another load of goopy pre-cum that I swiped over the girls’ labia, making her flinch and squeal. The cheerleader’s hips bucked involuntarily at the erotic

pleasure and she looked up at me with lustful eyes, lost in the sensation, ready for me.

Wasting no more time, I positioned my cock at her entrance, holding her hips in place and pushing forward. I plunged into her with ease, spreading her lips and sinking my bulging cockhead inside her. She was tight, so fucking tight... My foreskin peeled back as I entered her, forcing my way deeper and deeper.

Alana gasped and screamed, her hips bucking and writhing against me as she felt my prickhead nudge up against her. I grinned and sank forward, spearing her deeply, making her scream her throat raw as I buried my cock into her in one long, smooth stroke. I hilted myself inside her, then withdrew halfway, my cock-meat smeared with her pussy juice... then drove back in, fucking her deeply.

There was a wet, thick sound as my monster shaft burrowed into Alana's pussy, stretching it wide, forming an airtight seal as I plowed downward. My slim hips clapped against Lori's fat ass with every thrust, rocking both of the women forward with my movements, dominating them both at once.

Alana's eyes rolled back and she moaned incomprehensibly, drooling freely as I forced more than a foot of dense, diamond-hard cockmeat into her body. I was fully fucking her now, the feeling beyond words. Each time I withdrew, it felt like her insides were being pulled out, her pussy lips clamped to my shaft, slurping degradingly as I reared back... and each time I hilted myself again, there was a lewd farting, squelching noise as I reamed her out, her pink little clitoris dragging along the rock-hard surface of my shaft, back and forth, back and forth.

"Ffffuhhh muhhhh!!" she babbled, eyes unfocused, tongue lolling out as though she was having a seizure. "Ummmmuuu... Duhhh!!"

She groaned, thrashing under her mother, but Lori held her in place while I kept fucking her, her screams reaching a higher and higher pitch as I railed her out. In Alana's mind, all conscious thought was being replaced by a base instinctual drive to rut, to breed.

I fell over Lori's larger body, using her big ass to brace myself as he fucked her daughter senseless, hips thrusting wildly, with a mind of their own, slamming into her again and again, bruising her back walls with my battering-ram cockhead. Alana's staccato grunts and gasps were underscored by the humiliating, wet farting noise of my cock jack-hammering into her cunt over and over. I exerted all my energy, pushing her mother down onto her, squashing them into each other and exploding forward, enjoying the wet, velvety insides of Alana's molten snatch, the way the sucking membrane of her insides seemed to slurp and grasp at my shaft on the out stroke, hugging me, not letting me go.

"Guh-awwwwh!!" Alana cried, cumming powerfully, twitching and shivering under the heavy mass of her mother's tremendous chest.

My hips bounced, cock plunging in and out of her gushing, soupy cunt with reckless abandon. Alana's orgasms were constant, one after another, growing in strength,

amplified by the lewdness, the perversion of having her own mother sandwiched between her and her new Master, and she squirted against me, her hips bucking against my own, humping me desperately, madly. I could hear the nasty splurging, sloshing noises coming from inside her pussy and knew it was being permanently destroyed.

She groaned as she came in rapid-fire bursts, tongue out, eyes empty, body limp — a shuddering fuck-doll for my enjoyment. Her cunt lips clung wetly to my penetrating shaft as it pistoned in and out of her, her hips bucking, flopping on the floor like a fish as orgasms wracked her toned, tight body.

“Gettin’ close,” I grunted, my thrusts accelerating as I lost all control, giving myself over to base animal urges.

“Cum in me...” Alana whispered in a hoarse, strangled voice. “Fill my pussy up...”

I buried myself as deep as I could go and my dick exploded inside Alana, dousing her cunt with an outpouring of thick, clumpy, curdled cum. She gurgled, both of us feeling it and somehow even hearing it from deep within her, a sickening *spluuuuorrrrtttt* as white-hot gouts of coagulated, sperm-dense, jelly-thick semen filled her in an instant. My balls hitched, flexing and twitching as they discharged their load into her womb. The girl couldn’t speak, couldn’t think, couldn’t tell where one searing jet of cum ended and another began... it was endless, as if I was simply pissing an infinite, white-hot beam of jism into her deepest recesses, filling her up like spray-foam insulation, her cunt milking my cock for all it was worth, pleading for more spunk to paint her insides.

Alana’s pussy was so tight, and my cock was so huge, filling her so completely, that my chowdery fluids erupted from within her almost immediately, spurting out around the airtight seal my prick made inside her and spraying out all over my hanging nutsack. Still, I kept firing, rope after rope of porridge-thick jism, unloading my nuts fully into her. I hilted myself, cumming, spurting, shooting deep into her. I saw the look on her face of absolute orgasmic rapture, complete neediness, delirious ecstasy... like a crack whore who just had her fix.

I spewed cum into her spasming, sucking cunt, flooding her with an unending load of chunky white nut sauce that burst from within her in rhythmic spurts and pooled below her body, sloshing and drooling down. The sounds of my mighty ejaculation coming from within her body were shameful and lewd – *spluuuorrrttt, slpurrrrggg, skuuuushhhhh* — and the feeling of the mucky, steaming, filthy puddle of cum-gunk blossoming around her body was perverse. I slumped over Lori’s body, exhausted, enjoying the feeling as my orgasm slowly subsided, pumping cum into my new slave like a Super Soaker.

When I finally pulled back, extricating my cock from within her, I disgorged a torrent of sweet-smelling sperm that gushed out of her pussy onto the already cum-sodden carpet, splashing wetly. She remained splayed out on the floor beneath her mother, her body quaking with aftershock orgasms. Her cunt belched out load after load as she mewled pathetically, her tits quivering and jiggling.

I had fucked the shit out of Alana, dosing her with another potent, virile load and cementing her total subjugation to my will. I knew there was no resistance left in her, no future for her now besides that of a fuck-slave. But my cock was still rock-hard in my hand, thrumming with power, veins pulsing and bulging along its length, and my balls clenched against the base of my shaft, gurgling angrily.

I reached out to squeeze Lori's fat, dump-truck-thick ass and a pulse of ecstasy raced through me, my cock flexing and rumbling like an active volcano. The disgraced mother looked back over her shoulder knowingly, her mind-fucked daughter crushed beneath her. She thrust her ass back against me, signaling wordlessly her submission, her understanding of what had to come next.

Like a man possessed, I slipped my fingers under her sky-blue panties and tore them from her body, shredding the lace. She moaned softly, her daughter pinned underneath her in a nearly catatonic post-coital state, as I exposed the full breadth of her huge, naked ass, the triangular tan lines suggesting the placement of bikini bottoms, her pink cunt framed at the juncture of her fat thighs, glistening and weeping for me.

I caressed one massive ass-cheek, appreciating the way the slope of her ass rose from her narrow waist, her hips sumptuous and rounded. I grasped it and made the cheeks jiggle, sinking my fingers in deeply. I groped and squeezed her naked assflesh, digging in, gripping the cheeks, pressing and pulling like I was kneading raw dough, pulling the fat cheeks apart to expose he puckered ring of her asshole.

I spanked her hard and she squealed. I hit her again, and again, the crisp *WHAPP* as my hand sank deep into the assflesh, pink handprints blooming on her butt as she yelped and flinched. I smacked the flank of her ass with my slimy, rock-hard, club-like cock, beating her with my tool with a meaty *thwackk-thwackk-thwackk.* She arched her back, thrusting her ass back at me in a silent act of complicity, and I rubbed my turgid prick into her ass-crack, making her buck and shudder beneath me.

"You're mine," I hissed. "You're both mine."

"Yessss," she breathed, thrusting herself back on me as I swiped my cockhead down over the pulpy outer lips of her cunt, smearing my oozing pre-cum over her entrance.

"Yes *what?*" I chided, spanking her once.

"Yes, Master!" she cried out, her angelic face contorted in ecstasy. "Yes, Master!"

"Uh-huh," I grunted, planting my hand on the small of her back and mounting her from behind, positioning my iron-hard girder of a cock at her entrance and then opening her up, sinking into her swiftly.

"Ouuuuhhh, Master!" she wailed, arching her back, gazing back at me lovingly. "Fuck! I can feel it stretching me out!"

I started fucking her frenziedly, huffing at the exertion, gripping her hips and smacking

her ass again and again with a repeating *plapp, plapp, plapp, plapp!* She cried and moaned in delight, making wild, mind-fucked faces as I took her roughly, huge tits squashing into her daughter as she simply lay there, letting me mount her. Her flaring hips bucked over and over as her body was rocked by my powerful, determined thrusts.

I held her around the waist and fucked her harder and harder, faster and faster, my thrusts wild and uncoordinated, spanking her naked ass furiously as my cock jack-hammered into her, her cheeks jiggling wildly and clapping against each other, dancing back and forth as I speared her from behind. It was pure dominance as I railed the shit out of this wealthy blonde MILF, a furious fuck. I wasn't interested in holding out, only wanted to race to the finish line and blast her insides with my cream, sealing the deal and enslaving her permanently. I was beginning to understand instinctually that was the key to my powers, the final exposure to my cream, the heavy dosing. My balls were hyperactive, constantly overproducing, so I could dispatch load after load into my victims, the fluids somehow rewiring their brains and overriding all free will.

SMACK!!

Lori moaned like a whore as I spanked her hard, pulling her blonde hair from behind and fucking down into her, rearranging her guts with every thrust.

"Auuuhhhh!" she cried. "Fuck yeah Master… D-do it… Use me!"

I pulled her hair harder, and my next thrust smashed into her hips with a loud *SLAPP!!* The older woman put her hand over her mouth as she uttered a guttural cry, but she couldn't contain it.

"Omigod, fuckkkk!!" she babbled. "Yesss… do it… Cum in me… Nut in me raw!!"

"You fucking whore," I hissed. "You're a married woman! Don't you love your husband?"

"Fff-f-fuck him," she whined deliriously. "I don't care about anything… Just want… Your fucking cum!"

My dick swelled within her and pumped out the first hot, nasty jets of unbelievably thick cum directly into her womb. My cock-crown pressed against her cervix and exploded with the force of a garden sprinkler, and we both heard the stinging impact of sloppy, bubbling, chowdery cum from within her gorgeous thick MILF body, the audible gushing as I climaxed again, blowing ropes into my second brand-new, mind-fucked slave.

Loris's long legs flopped and kicked uselessly, her neck craning back as she came hard on the end of my mighty pole. I filled her instantly with jelly-thick seed, spraying my clumpy, backed-up jism deep into her cunt until it filled every crevice. Then, with a hissing, spurting sound, it erupted back out of the airtight seal my shaft made in her pussy, frothing out and splashing onto the floor with nauseating excess, just as it had with her daughter only minutes before. My cum sloshed inside her as my still-pumping, rock-hard cock churned it relentlessly, plugging her up.

When I finally withdrew, her pussy lips clung to me, sucking my prick on the way out. My cock, still rock-hard, slathered in heavy cream, finally pulled free of her grasping cunt, and what followed was a lumpy, chunky torrent of cum that burst from within her like a waterfall, like an open fire hydrant. Lori moaned long and low, like a cow, as her pussy sprayed gouts of clotted cum out all over the carpeted floor of her daughter's bedroom.

I was not quite done, though. Gripping my mighty cock in one hand, I growled as my piss-slit spit out a few final coagulated cum ropes over Lori's big, fat, shuddering ass-cheeks, drawing lumpy, chowdery zig-zags over her tanned buttocks and up onto her back. The gorgeous, blonde MILF lay still, taking it, accepting the cumshot with awed reverence. My cock hitched and pissed near-solid, curd-thick cum blasts all over her ass and even up into her hair, then I finally let it drop, the softening length drooping before slapping wetly against my thigh.

The two Blair women lay still as I surveyed them, both of them fucked into a state of blissful oblivion. Lori lay draped over her daughter's body, ass jutting up into the air, sundress flipped up over her hips. Her entire back, from her ass up to her shoulders, was a criss-crossed latticework of cum blasts. Beneath her, Alana lay prone, pinned by her mother's body, her cunt drooling an unending cream pie of white-hot semen that collected in pools around the juncture of her thighs.

I had never seen such a filthy, depraved sight in my life, and I thrilled with the knowledge that I had done it, I was responsible for all of it. I felt as if I was beginning a new chapter in my life, understanding myself for the first time, waking from a dream. There was something deeply wrong about everything that had just transpired in this room, I knew that on some level… But I had loved every second of it. This was my life now. This is what I was capable of.

I had no idea, even in that moment, of the road that lay ahead of me, and the doors my powers would open. I had seen a glimpse of my full potential, learned to harness my powers, and changed my fate forever…

But it was still only the beginning.

To Be Continued…